THE LIVING AGE

FOUNDED 1844 BY E. LITTELL

Published under the auspices of
the Atlantic Monthly

SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1924

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THE LIVING AGE COMPANY

PUBLICATION OFFICE: RUMFORD BUILDING, CONCORD, N.H.

EDITORIAL OFFICE: 8 ARLINGTON STREET, BOSTON 17, MASS.

$5.00 a Year 15c a Copy

Entered as second-class mail matter at Concord, N. H.
Foreign Postage, $1.50; Canadian Postage, 50c

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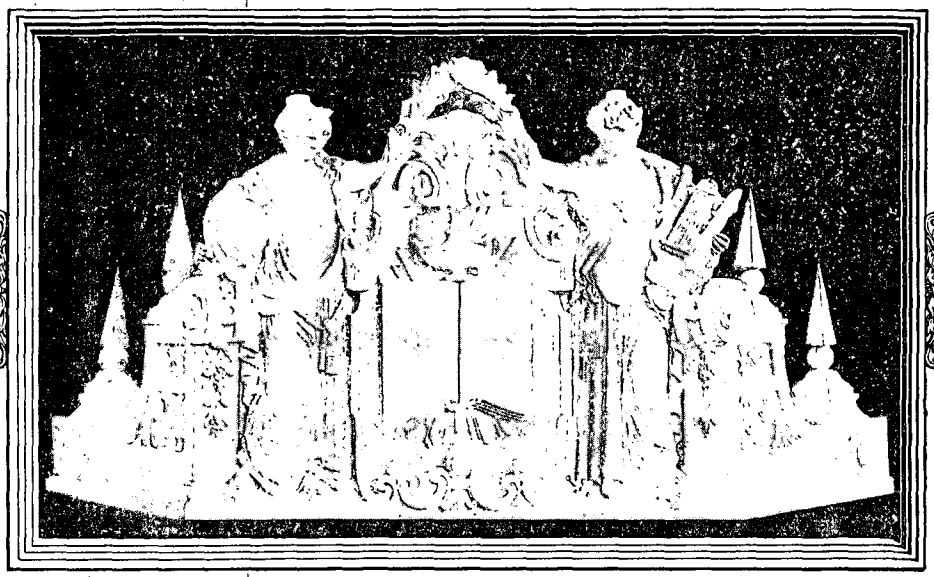

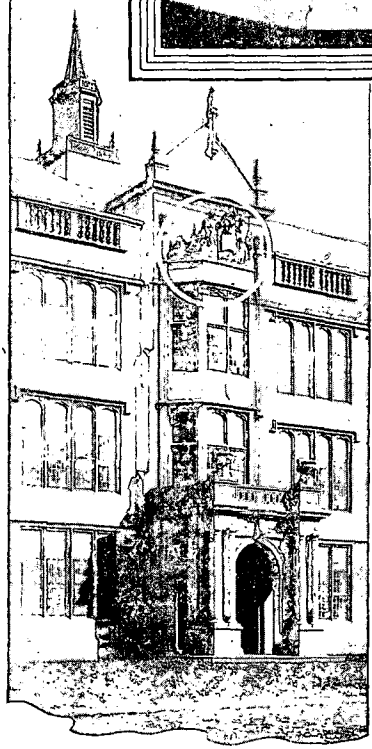

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THIS WEEK

COMING from a land of 'dreams and poetry' it is no wonder that the Japanese visitor to the United States is offended at some of those vulgar aspects of our civilization over which so many foreigners contemptuously linger. But when he returns to the land of his birth the Oriental is full of praise for American efficiency and American ideals, whatever they may be. All of which explains his dismay at our exclusion policy.

* * *

The only trouble with Michael Terry's description of his jitney ride across Australia is that he has not made it long enough. Even so, the adventures he tells are so amazing that any more of them might awaken the suspicions of our wary readers.

* * *

Our weekly scoop, which happens on this occasion to be some unpublished portions of Eckermann's diary, has its amusing aspects. Goethe's son was always twitting poor old Eckermann who took great pains to write down all the bright remarks that he would somehow fail to get off. But the German Boswell is at his best with Goethe himself. When Eckermann mentioned some botanist, Goethe asked if he knew much about him. 'No,' said Eckermann. 'Good,' said Goethe, 'I'll tell you the story of his life.'

* * *

Captain H. J. Round, an officer of the Marconi Company, tells of a contest between various loud speakers — animate and inanimate. It goes without saying that the latter were victorious.

* * *

Though Kolchak was the most honest man in Omsk, he was not the stupidest. One of his supporters wanted to have daylight saving time in a land where there are only three and a half hours of darkness, but the rest were either too drunk or too busy beating the management to make any helpful suggestions at all.

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THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 322 — *AUGUST 9, 1924* — NO. 4179

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

JAPAN'S ANTI-AMERICAN CAMPAIGN

THE agitation, started in Japan under a sense of insult to the nation, against the United States exclusion law, has not subsided. Notwithstanding this, many responsible papers condemned the insult offered to our flag by a Japanese fanatic last month, and evidently momentary concern was felt lest it lead to a serious rupture between the two Governments. There are also cool-headed protests against the attempt to boycott American goods, on the ground that an economic war with the United States is likely to injure Japan more than it does this country. None the less, such signs as we print below, photographed in a store window in Kobe, and similar appeals to boycott the United States, are very common.

Yet there is some evidence that this indignation is more melodramatic than profound. The *Japan Chronicle* has called attention to certain inconsistencies in the literature of the crisis that suggest this. For instance, *Mainichi*, commenting upon the case of suicide in a garden adjoining the American Embassy, to protest against our immigration bill, said in its English edition: —

The sense of national honour and dignity is above almost everything in the mind of true Japanese, and many a Japanese would gladly die rather than see his country disgraced by an alien Power. This is best

proven by the fact that the present suicide is being mourned by the whole nation, as the death of a national hero worthy of the name. His action, though abnormal, is surely indicative of the deep sentiment of the Japanese nation as a whole. We are desirous to call the attention of our Ameri-

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can friends to this undeniable fact — a fact which can easily be acknowledged if they know the national psychology of Japan.

But Japanese posters pasted up within a stone's throw of the *Chronicle's* office had a different story to tell: —

A crisis has befallen Japan. Yet even such an act as that of the man who cut his belly open in Tokyo, to show his indignation at America's action, attracts no more notice than if he were a dog dying at the roadside. The Japanese Spirit (*yamato damashii*) has vanished from the minds of the Japanese of to-day.

This leads the editor of the *Chronicle* to remark: —

There is evidently room for some difference of opinion in regard to the amount of national mourning in evidence on account of this suicide, but perhaps the difference is only that arising from the consideration that the passage first quoted was for the benefit of foreign readers while the second one was for the eyes of Japanese.

Another straw pointing in this direction was the fact that just at the time when the press was making most of the alleged illtreatment of Japanese in America, there was extreme pressure on the part of Japanese residents in the United States, who chanced to be visiting the homeland, to get back to our shores as soon as possible. Between May 25 and June 17, according to statistics made by the Osaka Shosen Kaisha, 5846 Japanese left Kobe and Yokohama for California. This number includes brides of Japanese residents in our country. Steamship schedules were entirely upset, and three extra liners were put on to accommodate the rush.

*

ITALY'S STORMY WATERS

WHILE the press despatches record from time to time surface developments in Italy, following the shock of the Matteotti assassination, it is doubtful if the general public outside of that country, or even in Italy itself, understands whither the recently accelerated current of public opinion is carrying the Government. On June 27, the opposition parties met at Monte Citorio to honor Matteotti's memory. More than a hundred deputies were present. The session opened at four o'clock in the midst of profound silence. The Secretary began to call the roll of the deputies. Forgetting himself in his profound emotion, he called by mistake the name of Matteotti. A powerful voice instantly answered, 'Present.' A thrill passed over the meeting and all the deputies rose by common impulse as a gesture of respect to the name. A few minutes later the presiding officer, the veteran Socialist Turati, began his panegyric of Matteotti with these words: 'We have not come here to commemorate a dead man, or a vanquished man, or even the victim of political assassins. He is here, present and combatant. He is here as an accuser, as a judge, as an avenger.'

The extent to which classical precedents still govern the Italian imagination is illustrated by the action of the majority in the Italian Chamber in inaugurating a parliamentary strike and withdrawing for the summer to Mount Aventine, as the plebs of ancient Rome did in their historical conflict with the patricians.

The attitude of the Vatican toward the crisis seems to be somewhat enigmatical. While the Socialists and the Clericals — who are not *ipso facto* a Vatican Party — agree on many points of their social programme, there are profound issues — for example, regarding school policies — dividing them. Some Fascist leaders and newspapers have had crises of virulent hostility to the Vatican, although the

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present Cabinet has consulted its wishes in important matters. The Pope is said still to be philo-Fascist, if, to quote a French correspondent, 'it is permitted to apply this term to the successor of Saint Peter.' The Cardinal Secretary of State has expressed the opinion during the present crisis that Mussolini might remain at the head of the Government for a considerable period; but with a subtlety worthy of the land of Machiavelli, he intimated that Giolitti — who is now eighty-three years old — was his most likely successor.

Fascisti extremists are by no means subdued by the outburst of public reprobation that followed their recent achievement in removing the leading Socialist Deputy. Late in June they beat to death a Socialist tramway-employee in Milan who was wearing mourning for Matteotti. A day or two later the Government tried to confiscate an edition of *Avanti*, the Milan Socialist daily, presumably for its comment on the latter crime. The authorities seized the papers at Rome and several other cities, but the order arrived too late to keep that journal from reaching most of its local subscribers. The *Nation and the Athenæum* thus summarized the general situation at Rome early last month: —

Every day shows more clearly the extent to which the murder of Signor Matteotti has shaken the whole fabric of Fascismo. It is now generally accepted that the crime was no outbreak of irresponsible fanaticism, but was instigated by persons high in the councils of the Fascist movement, and it is freely alleged that its motive was the suppression of evidence obtained by Signor Matteotti as to financial scandals in which these patriots were implicated. Recent arrests include Signor Rossi, former Chief of the Ministerial Press Bureau, and Signor Marinelli, the Administrative Secretary of the Fascist organization, and the results of the inquiries to be held must be awaited with the gravest apprehension by the leaders of the movement. There is no question as to Signor Mussolini's genuine desire both to bring the criminals to justice and to use the crime as an occasion for 'purifying' the Administration. He has, however, to face a formidable combination of difficulties in the growing popular indignation on the one hand, and the increasing turbulence of the Fascist extremists on the other. The weakest point in his position is that, however much he may disapprove this particular crime, it is the logical result of his own political ideas. Again and again he has advocated the use of violence for political ends. Even in his speech to the Senate last Monday, he emphasized the basis of his Government in revolutionary methods and made it clear that he regarded the return to legal and constitutional procedure as a mere matter of expediency, subject to limitation at the Government's convenience. When a leader enunciates such doctrines, his followers will apply them in their own way and at their own time.

The latest cause of protest against the Fascisti Government is the press decree, issued early in July, which places the newspapers of the country under permanent Government censorship. Signor Rocca, who has been a supporter of moderate Fascism, declares in *La Stampa:* —

After this Mussolini cannot even pretend to pursue a policy of normalization, and the duty of every one is to follow the course dictated by his own conscience. My attitude and that of my friends will be one of unqualified resistance.

Corriere della Sera, the Milan Liberal daily, that stands at the head of the Italian press world and that has suffered much from the Fascisti in the past, protests that the new decree places not only the liberty but the very existence of the Italian press at the mercy of the Cabinet: —

The local Prefects — that is to say, the officials representing the Government of the day in the provinces — are empowered to deal with the press. After they have

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given two warnings to a newspaper, they have the right to suppress it. In order to give an idea of what the decree means it is enough to point out that a Prefect will be entitled to suppress a newspaper if it publishes 'false or tendencious news likely to disturb the diplomatic action of the Government in its relations with foreign countries.' . . . When is news tendencious? If an Opposition journal publishes something against the foreign policy of the Government, the Prefect will say that the information of the journal is tendencious, and therefore will warn it twice and then suppress it. Again, the decree says that the Prefect is entitled to act if the newspaper, by comments, headlines, or illustrations, 'favours foreign interests.' Consequently, if a free-trade newspaper advocates, for instance, the abolition of frontier duties, the Prefect will say that it is favouring foreign interests, and will muzzle it.

A London *Daily Herald* dispatch gives the following explanation of the failure of the authorities to discover the corpse of Matteotti, the slain Italian deputy: —

The *Popolo*, which is confirmed by *Avanti*, states that there is good evidence that Matteotti's body has been disposed of as follows: —

The body was so shockingly and disgustingly mutilated that it was unsafe to let it be discovered. It was brought back to Rome in the same motor in which the murder was committed.

It was then taken to the Polyclinic (medical schools) by connivance of the authorities, and included in the bodies for dissection.

It was hastily cut in pieces and then incinerated in the great electric furnace.

✽

OUTSIDE OPINIONS OF GERMAN REACTION

ROBERT DELL, writing from Frankfurt on the Main, believes the Nationalists have lost ground rapidly since the election. The business world is furious with them for their covert or open hostility to the Dawes plan, which alone can avert a business catastrophe.

A banker in Berlin told me the other day that all the business men of his acquaintance who had voted for the German Nationalists on May 4 said that they would not do it again, and one of the wealthiest business men in the German National Party in south Germany is telling everybody that, if the German Nationalists force a dissolution by preventing the passage of the railway scheme, he will subscribe to the funds of all the parties in favour of acceptance, including the Socialist. Reports from particularly trustworthy sources in various parts of Germany agree that three fourths of the population are now in favour of accepting the Dawes Report. The chances are, in my opinion, that in a General Election on this issue the German Nationalists would lose half their seats, and the Fascists would not do so well as before.

A Berlin correspondent of the *Observer* wrote late in June that the economic crisis in that country was increasing in intensity. Berlin proceedings in bankruptcy recorded an average of forty-five failures a day, and three fourths of the present practice of the lawyers of that city consisted in protesting bills. Unemployment is decreasing, partly because the Government is devoting large sums to public works. While business is in a bad way, public finances seem to be steadily improving. The present prosperity of the Government —

has no more gone hand in hand with an improvement in the general conditions of life in Germany than it has with a corresponding boom in business life. On the contrary, save for the very natural relief after the breathless period when money depreciated overnight, the average existence of the working-man and the middle classes is a hand-to-mouth one. It is a fact worthy of the deepest admiration that, although wages and salaries are still far too low, saving has begun again, although all the old savings have been lost, and prices are still kept high by the universal rings.

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The readiness with which the German Government accepted the demand of the Allies for the renewed control of German armaments, though it evoked occasional skepticism in France, decidedly improved the attitude of even the Jingo Paris press. *Le Figaro*, with its Radical traditions, may hardly belong to this class in spite of its ardent championship of Poincaré. Raymond Recouly thus reviews the German armaments situation in its columns on the authority of a Frenchman who has held a high post in Germany for several years: —

Germany is by no means in a position to fight us, even on the defensive. A great majority of her people do not want to fight or to talk of fighting. A fraction of hot-headed Nationalists and chauvinists would like nothing better than to fly at France at the first opportunity, but it is a negligible fraction compared with the nation at large. Nothing pleases these Nationalists more, or serves their propaganda better than the excessive and puerile fear exhibited by some Frenchmen who go about everywhere declaring that there will be a war in six months or a year. That sort of talk tickles the pride of Teuton Nationalists immensely. They argue that if the French are so disturbed by such a possibility it is because they are conscious of their weakness.

Recouly thinks, however, that France will stay upon the Rhine for a long time, whatever Government is in power at Paris. 'But while exercising the greatest vigilance, we should be careful to keep cool.'

Le Temps expresses the gist of its opinion as follows: —

Reactionary associations, whether athletic or political, are not really dangerous except for the Republican Government in Germany. But the day they succeed in overthrowing that Government, we shall see a Government in power that is likely to become very soon a threat to European peace. Under these circumstances it is good statesmanship *obstare principiis*, to stamp out the first sparks of a possible conflagration.

❦

AFRICAN PROTESTS

THE *Democrat*, a paper published by an Indian at Nairobi, Kenya Colony, East Africa, thus fulminates against Christianity — at least as it conceives that religion to be practiced in Africa: —

For hundreds of years men resorted to the Christian religion, and used it to deceive the other portion of the world, and the rest of mankind. It is the subterfuge of the white man when he wants to deceive you; he tells you about Jesus, he tells you about Heaven, he speaks of the beautiful things of the Christian religion, which he himself does not believe in, and does not practice. He preaches them to you because he believes it is the easiest way to reach your emotion and to appeal to your sentiment, and deprive you of that which he wants. Such a subterfuge the white man has used in Africa, such a subterfuge the white man has endeavoured to use on all the unfortunate peoples of the world. He sends out his priest, his Bishop, and his missionary to foreign lands to pave the way for colonial dominion or exploitation of the native peoples and their lands.

The *Abantu Batho*, a South-African paper edited and published by native Africans, thus voices the same spirit of protest: —

Rome, mistress of the world, ruled supreme, her eagle carried by her well-disciplined and victorious legions; and so remarkable was that peaceful condition that the Romans erected a temple and upon its portals were inscribed in letters of gold the words: 'The temple of Eternal Peace'. Nineteen hundred years have passed, and that temple is now buried among the ruins of ancient Rome, and other temples have been erected for the purpose of preaching peace, the fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man. Yet there is no peace. The peace which we are now enjoying may be likened to the calm before the storm; the nations of the world are only taking a

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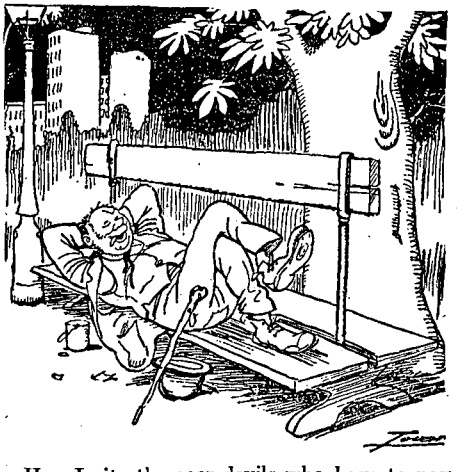
breathing space before they once more come to grips in a deadlier and more destructive war. With such a conception of peace, the strong and rich oppressing the weak and the poor, with the canker of racial prejudice eating at its very vitals, how can the white man expect peace in the true sense of the term? Who can think that he can come to my house, put me out, take all I posses, and then talk to me about peace and justice, and after robbing and knocking me down, talk to me about a League of Nations for peace? All the burglars get together, after robbing the black man of his land, and then say — 'Let us have peace.' There is not going to be peace until we all believe in the rights of all men.

MINOR NOTES

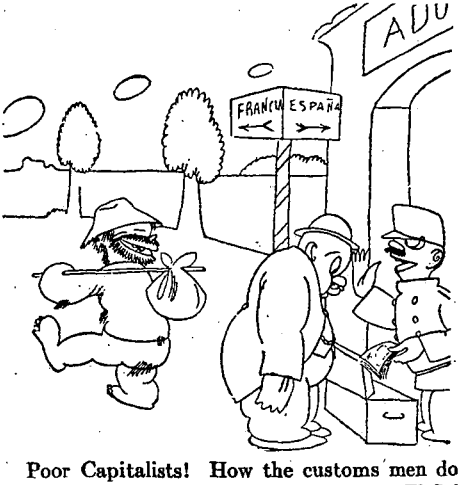
An 'Old Strassburger' writes to *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* from Alsace protesting against Otto Grautoff's description of the friendly sentiment cherished there toward France, quoted in the *Living Age* of July 26. He accuses Grautoff of 'incredible ignorance' and 'abysmal incomprehension,' and deplores the presumption of a man who 'ventures to describe the sentiments of a nation of nearly two million people, of whom between ninety and ninety-five per cent are of German blood, on the basis of a hasty traveler's impression.' He concludes by assuring the readers of *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* that 'the Alsatians are not lost to you so long as you do not lose yourselves. . . . We are Alsatians and shall remain Germans at heart. Once before we preserved our German character for almost two hundred years under French rule. We shall do so again.'

The Upper House of the Norwegian Parliament recently voted by a majority of 8423 to rename the capital, Christiania, Oslo. The town of Oslo, now a suburb of the city, was founded in 1050, and was long the capital of the country. It was burned in the seventeenth century, and the new town was rechristened in 1624, from Christian IV, King of Denmark and Norway. The Lower House will doubtless confirm the action of the Upper Chamber, which was dictated by a wave of nationalist feeling, aroused partly by the controversy with Denmark over Greenland already alluded to in these columns.

SPAIN'S VAGABOND PHILOSOPHERS



How I pity the poor devils who have to pay $70 or $80 for a flat! — *La Voz*



Poor Capitalists! How the customs men do rag them! — *El Sol*

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WHITE AUSTRALIA

BY THE HONORABLE F. W. EGGLESTON, M.L.A.

[*The author is Minister for Railways in the Victorian Cabinet.*]

From the *English Review, July*
(LONDON CONSERVATIVE MONTHLY)

THE 'White Australia' policy is the formula which the Australian people have framed as the only solution of a number of very complex problems which affect their security and welfare. These problems are of great difficulty. If each were isolated and taken on its own merits, a series of different conclusions might be arrived at, but, where questions affecting the integrity of the Commonwealth are involved, a people has to reconcile these differences and formulate a policy which will lead to the preservation of the fundamental basis of its life. The only way to determine the validity of the White Australia policy is to examine these points one by one and see what solution of the whole complex of problems is possible.

It is not necessary in this post-war age to emphasize the danger of racial conflict. It seems impossible for two different races to live together happily on the same territory and under the same sovereign. Nationality is the obstinate fact of twentieth-century international politics. Its problems cannot be altogether settled by reason. In the peace treaty a sincere attempt was made to redraw the map of Europe according to the principles of nationality. Where a homogeneous people is collected on one area under one sovereign set of institutions there is stability and order. But unfortunately in too many areas this consummation cannot be achieved: a clear cut cannot be made; and, mainly for this reason, Europe today is a seething caldron of conflicting national claims. It is not the backward races only which are afflicted in this way. The two most gifted races in Europe — Anglo-Saxon and Celt — cannot live together in Ireland; and to end conflict a solution has to be adopted which maims Ireland and penalizes all.

The case for obviating similar struggles in the newly settled countries is irresistible. There are, however, certain mitigating factors in the settlement of new territories. European nations are so closely akin that with intermarriage coalescence is only the matter of a couple of generations. If a country is well settled by one vigorous race; if the problem of sovereignty is securely decided; if the language is decisively chosen; if the culture is one which can be shared by all, there is no need to apprehend trouble in a new country from the admixture of Europeans. The immigrant accepts the culture of the new land with pride. He learns its language and looks upon it as his home. But there are limits to the absorptive power of the settled race. The history of the United States shows that where the immigration is too rapid the aliens form enclaves and give all sorts of trouble. The absorptive faculty varies in the geometrical ratio. In a small country, where the original settlers are scanty, a large immigration might easily put the dominant culture in doubt. It might easily raise the question of the allegiance of

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the people to its old sovereign and institutions. And when the culture of race is threatened the racial conflict commences. The United States was so populous when the great stream of immigration started that no effective challenge could be made. But this does not apply to a small population like that of Australia, where an immigration of one million Italians or Germans might at once give rise to racial conflict.

Quite other considerations apply to the immigration of non-European races. Non-European immigration is of two kinds. One is of races who have had no experience of civilized institutions — the Negro and the South Sea Islander. The other is of races who have old cultures which vary widely and essentially from European culture. In the first you get striking differences of color which indelibly discriminate the alien. You get an inability to live up to the forms and the institutions of the white race. You get two entirely different conceptions of sex problems and an ineradicable instinct against intermarriage, which renders absorption impossible. Mixed marriage becomes an act of treachery, and the progeny of the marriage are penalized. Economically the colored races become pawns, depressing the standard of life and removing the white race from a healthy contact with manual labor. No system of indentured labor has ever been satisfactory. Recruitment has given rise to all sorts of scandals; the life of the indentured laborer has been unnatural. It was never more than veiled slavery. Nowhere was indentured labor more closely guarded than in Australia; but the death-rate among the South Sea Islanders was always greatly in excess of the whites', even in tropical parts. The return of the indentured worker to his home gave rise to scandals worse than the recruiting.

The case of older civilizations, like the Hindu, Chinese, or Japanese, is like the racial problem in Europe, only more intense. Here you have an old, honorable civilization, a noble culture very tenaciously held, but a low economic ideal. You have the conflict of color and language, but a tenacity of purpose — a racial pride and an intellectual capacity which are absent from the inferior races. In races like the Japanese you have a patriotism which is more intense than our own, which will never accept alien culture or sovereignty.

Lastly, we must recognize that under democracy the chances of racial conflict are intensified, not mitigated. This paradoxical result is due to the fact that democracy is only possible where there is a foundation of mutual trust and confidence. The method of democracy is progress through struggle. There is a constant conflict of ideas and objectives which is not dangerous only because, underlying these difficulties, there is a strong unity of race, institutions, language, and history. We permit the utmost latitude in our Parliamentary struggles, because we know that all are interested in the integrity and value of the State. But if this interest is not shown by all, if there is a large section anxious to install another set of ideas and institutions, the free and tolerant basis of democratic institutions becomes a danger. The very freedom can be used as an instrument to destroy the old culture. And so racial conflict develops almost automatically. The older race feels that its language, its institutions are priceless privileges. They are the condition of its political efficiency. A minority which cannot understand the language and the institutions in which the State is governed cannot be said to enjoy self-government. If it strives for government in its own

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language, it threatens the culture of the other race.

Here is an irreconcilable problem. The dominant race will discriminate against and hold back the minority for fear of the threat to its position. In the struggle all the reality of democracy will be lost. In America, where there is a difficult racial problem, racial hatred is intense. In Austrialia, where the only colored aliens are visitors, there is no racial feeling. The remnant of the old Chinese who were originally hunted down in racial riots are really popular. Japanese scientists and sailors lately had receptions which surprised them by their cordiality. That cordiality would be changed to hatred if the Japanese were settling here and challenging our hold on this continent. Racial conflict is a fact which cannot be ignored. It is not based on depravity, but is the result of national and often virtuous characteristics on both sides. Any wise planning of world settlement would avoid it.

Even if the conclusion of the preceding section of this article be admitted, it by no means follows that the present occupants have a moral right to monopolize the whole of a very large territory. It may be that the result of the argument as to racial conflict will lead to the conclusion that the handful should move and allow a race which can effectively occupy the continent to do so. Such an argument has, however, never been accepted in history. Nations have been displaced by others, but this has been done by the arbitrament of force, and not by any appeal to justice. In the present case, however, we are trying to justify the White Australia policy on ethical grounds, and this aspect of the question must be considered.

The colonization and settlement of Australia are entirely and solely due to the pioneering genius of the British race. Australia is not a land which could have been quickly occupied by a large population who could have immediately established themselves there. If it were it would have been filled up many centuries ago. It is only a short distance from the most crowded territories of the East, and across a narrow strait from territories filled with millions of islanders. But Australia was severely neglected until the British came. It was occupied by a primitive people who could not find in the resources of the land anything which could assist them to progress out of the most elementary stage of human life. Australia is now a prosperous country, and produces more wealth per head of population than any country in the world. But when the old navigators touched its shores they found it a most unattractive place. It was only when the east coast was discovered that it was thought of as a place for settlement. The narrow strip of land between the mountains and the coast and a couple of hundred miles inside it are well watered and attractive. The southeast corner, including the Murray Valley and the rest of Victoria, an area of not more than 250,000 square miles, is the only part of the continent which can compare with Europe so far as climatic conditions are concerned.

It is obvious, therefore, that the settlement of Australia could not have been achieved by a primitive race or by typical Asiatic races like the Hindu or the Japanese or the Chinese. These races, used to a low standard of life and without any far-reaching economic organization, could not have solved the difficult problems that had to be solved before successful settlement could be effected. As it was, many of the early British settlements long led a precarious existence. Botany Bay was

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a prison settlement, and for many years did not succeed in establishing a stable community supported by local production. At times starvation was imminent. Several attempts to colonize the western parts of Australia failed altogether, and the settlers had to be rescued. Yet to-day no economic system is so productive per head as Australia's, but none is so completely artificial. The continent now produces a large proportion of the world's wool and other pastoral products, besides much food, metal, and raw material. But it could only have done this by being treated as a part of the British Empire.

Nothing like this could have been achieved by an Eastern race settling in Australia. Taking advantage of its opportunities, its vast open spaces, its sunny climate, and its great wealth, the British people have set up high standards of life and institutions of the freest type, which secure a high economic product. Therefore, the British people have claims to Australia which are not to be gainsaid by the mere scantiness of population. The Australia of to-day has been created by them. They found it a neglected, apparently desert, continent. They have occupied and turned into profitable account a very large proportion of the territory and established a population there which has reached a high level of social welfare.

The British Empire was founded and extended in defiance of climate. Yet there is a curious insistence by the Englishman that all problems of racial settlement are determined by climatic considerations. This may be so in the long run, or with people who are passive. But an energetic race, equipped with all the resources of science, cannot accept it readily. The human race arose in the tropics — some of the world civilizations were founded in or near tropical countries, and it cannot be concluded offhand that the white races cannot live healthy lives in the tropics and maintain their physical and mental vigor. There are tropics and tropics. There are moist tropics with heavy rainfall and dense vegetation, where germs multiply, and tropics where, though the heat is intense, the climate is dry — there is little water lying about and fever germs do not thrive. It is quite certain that consumption, a disease due to confinement necessary owing to cold conditions, exacts far more victims in England than the heat or tropical disease does in Queensland.

The dangers of life in the tropics do not come so much from the heat itself as from diseases which multiply more quickly under tropical conditions not only of heat but of moisture. If medical science is capable of coping with such diseases, the problems of tropical settlement will take upon themselves quite a different complexion. So far the outlook is hopeful. It is understood now that a great deal of the lassitude found in people inhabiting the tropics is due to two diseases, hookworm and malaria. If these could be abolished the energy of the white races might not be impaired at all by life in hot countries. It is too soon to say whether this hope will be realized. In any case the medical problem of dealing with these diseases is assisted by the fact that we have in Australia an educated population willing to obey hygienic regulations.

The parts of the Australian tropics with a moist climate are very small. A strip of land along the north coast of Queensland about ten to fifty miles wide, a few patches of the northern territory near the coast, and a very narrow strip along the northwest coast of West Australia comprise the total. The rest of tropical Australia possesses

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a relatively dry climate, a climate so dry, at any rate, that agriculture is almost impossible. This area can only be devoted to the pastoral industry. Here it is acknowledged that the danger of ill-health from diseases such as malaria, characteristic of tropical countries, is not serious. The energy of the white man is not impaired by this dry heat, however high the thermometer may be. In Australia the Queenslander is regarded as far more energetic than the Tasmanian of the extreme south. The most vigorous and enterprising men I have ever met have been Queenslanders from the back country. So far, then, as the climate problem is concerned, only a very small portion of Australia is really affected. Even in those parts there is every hope that it will be solved satisfactorily.

Because White races can live healthy lives in the tropics it does not follow that people accustomed to a temperate climate will do so willingly. They may be driven thither by economic pressure or they may have to be attracted there by high wages. There has been for the last ten years no economic pressure in the South. The South is short of labor and the wages are high. Therefore labor has had to be attracted to the North by higher wages. The attractiveness of the north coast of Queensland has also had a share in bringing and retaining there a large and increasing population. It will be seen, therefore, that the settlement and economic exploitation of the northern parts of Australia under White Australia conditions, difficult as they are, are not at all hopeless. The problem is the selection of suitable primary industries where White labor can work at reasonable cost. Intense tropical agriculture, where the labor cost is high, is not possible at present. But that does not mean that we cannot select other forms which will be just as profitable. It is quite a fallacy to suggest that exploitation of resources by low-paid labor under an indentured system is a benefit to a country. It may bring a big profit to a few capitalists. It may serve a purpose by breaking up and developing new land. But in general a type of industry which employs more-skilled labor, higher paid, and, if possible, under independent farming conditions, is immensely more profitable to the community.

The sugar industry illustrates how methods can be altered to suit White labor without loss. When it was proposed to prohibit Black labor, it was contended that White labor could not do the work. When this was challenged the advocates of Black labor stated that there was one part of the process which White men would never tackle. This was trashing — that is, cleaning the dead leaves from the lower parts of the cane. The custom was to do this some time before cutting and, as the cane was very dense and the weather very hot, the trasher was for hours in something resembling a hot bath. It was held that he could not stand it. Probably he could not; but, when the Kanaka was prohibited, the planters ceased the trashing and found that it was quite an unnecessary operation. They have suffered nothing by its abolition.

So far the sugar industry has proved the salvation of Northern Queensland. Up to the war, sugar of a very high quality was produced at 3*d*. a pound retail. For this the industry was protected. Since then politics have come into play and Labor Governments, by forcing up wages, have thrown burdens on the growers which are crushing. The sugar-growers have been forced to combine, use political pressure, and pass on to the rest of Australia the burdens imposed by their own Labor politicians. But, unsound as all this is, the prices have still not been excessive. In 1920, when the sugar agreement resulted in a

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retail price of 6*d.*, the foreign price was considerably more and the Australian retail prices were the lowest in the world. In the interval foreign prices slumped; but now when de-control prevails, and the import duty results in a price of 4*d.*, this is still, I understand, below prices in many other countries.

When an amateur strategist looks at the map of Australia, with its vast empty or thinly settled areas in the tropics, he says to himself, 'The North is the Achilles heel of Australia.' It is rather an inapt allusion. The empty North does, of course, present a big defense-problem for Australia, but it is nothing like the one suggested by a cursory glance at a map. The wealth of Australia is concentrated in the South, and the empty North can only be tributary to the South. Without a well-settled South, the North for economic reasons would not be settled at all. Australia remained unsettled for centuries, although a few days from the crowded population of Asia, because the South had not been discovered and its potentialities were undeveloped.

The key of the situation is the fact that, except along the eastern coast, between the North and the South, is a desert heart uncrossable by any military expedition. The inhabitants of Timbuktu would not feel any excitement at a landing on the Mediterranean coast of Africa, because they know that the Sahara could not be crossed by a conqueror. The situation is not so clear in Australia because the integrity of the whole continent is a consideration of great value to Australian defense. But the idea of the Northern Territory being the Achilles heel of Australia is absurd. Its possession by an enemy would not be a mortal blow. In fact, it is doubtful whether it would be worth taking. An enemy attack against Autralia would almost certainly be directed down the east coast near Brisbane or down the west coast near Geraldton or Perth. Only if the Northern Territory were well settled with a developed economic system in working order would an enemy think it advantageous to go there as a first step.

It is, therefore, quite a feasible suggestion that an empty North is rather advantageous to Australian defense than the reverse. In fact many people consider that to link the South and the North by railway would be a fatal mistake from the strategic point of view. If the North is developed through the pastoral system, with large ranches, it will probably be better than endeavoring to settle it by an agricultural population.

Furthermore, Northern Queensland's settled coast towns are not a factor of any value in defense at all. A hostile fleet could stand off and knock them to pieces in a few hours. The key of the defense of Northern Queensland is the coastal mountain range. All through this range there are extraordinarily fertile table-lands at heights varying from 1500 to 3000 feet above sea level which can be settled by White farmers growing cotton, maize, root crops, and producing butter and dairying products. These table-lands could not be taken except by large military forces, and if they are well settled Queensland is relatively safe.

The real defense of Australia is on the sea. Six million people cannot defend 3,000,000 miles of territory. Even when well settled to the limit of her capacity, Australian settlements will be a narrow ring around the centre, and the North will always be comparatively empty. The distances are so great that landings on lonely points on the coast will be impossible of prevention. A navy strong enough to prevent any

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other Power from getting command of the Pacific will always be essential.

A White Australia policy, therefore, does not militate against Australian defense. The admission of Asiatics would indeed make it more difficult. If this immigration reached any size, it would immediately raise very difficult questions of internal defense. If the immigrants were South Sea Islanders, it might not matter; but if we had races like the Chinese, Indian, or Japanese, with a high degree of national feeling, capable of being militarily organized, a great danger would immediately be created, which would be intense while the white population is so small. The defense of Australia can only rest on the shoulders of the Anglo-Saxon holders, and any substantial penetration of unassimilable aliens would render the problem of Australian defense insoluble.

It cannot be denied, of course, that the exclusion of the subjects of powerful Eastern races does cause offense and challenges aggression by them. They suffer from the evils of overpopulation, and if such problems become acute those nations may be spurred to action against Australia. In the face of such a danger we can only rely on our membership of the British Empire and help from other sections of our race. Such a danger is not averted, but rather intensified, by the admission of other nationals. Besides, the evils of overpopulation can be overcome by other means. Asia as a whole is not overpopulated. Nor is South America, where a very mixed people with little racial feeling is just beginning to develop the land. There are spheres for the expansion of India and Japan in the innumerable islands of the Pacific. Meanwhile, Australia is overcoming her underpopulation as rapidly as possible. Her natural increase is one of the highest in the world. Her total increase over a series of years is over two per cent, which is greater than that of America at the period of its highest immigration.

WHAT JAPAN THINKS OF AMERICA

BY SETSUO UENODA

From the *Japan Advertiser, June* 18
(Tokyo American Daily)

Sappukei, literally meaning 'scenery-killing,' is an expression often applied to America by the Japanese who have visited that country, in describing the general impression they received there. To say America is sappukei may mean that America is without taste, is ungraceful, unpoetical, vulgar — it may mean all of these for lack of a better word. This adjective as applied to America may or may not be correct, but the way in which it is spoken is, in most cases, a sort of despairing gasp, uttered out of our countrymen's distressing experiences in trying to live in an American metropolis.

The people in an American city begin the day with an alarm clock and all day

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long they bustle and rush about in the din of a frightful drive. Their minds are so keyed up to the mechanical precision of daily routine that the swifter the locomotion the happier they are. Into this world of affairs a business man comes from a land of dreams and poetry and tries to live in the midst of it, to study and investigate the practical subject with which he is concerned. He little understands the language and customs of the country he is visiting. It is, indeed, no small effort for a person like a Japanese, who is extremely proud and sensitive to ridicule, even to live in a large American city, or to travel from place to place.

As he passes along the street he hears constantly the rattling of knives, forks, and plates from quick-lunch restaurants, observes the endless procession of motor-cars tooting along the street, and is deafened by 'L' trains overhead and tramcars on the surface. The pedestrians about him are imposingly taller than he is. As he looks up, he observes huge buildings towering over him with a strength and durability that are awe-inspiring. It is no wonder that his mind is oppressed and outraged by the breathless activity of the American people and the ponderous environment that makes the American city. It is out of his harassing experience that he declares, heaving a sigh, 'America is sappukei.'

During his stay in America, however, he does not fail to observe the marvelous development of American commerce and industry. The whole fabric of the American industrial and commercial system is for him so wonderful in comparison with that of Japan as to inspire a feeling of pity for the latter. He is convinced that Japanese commerce and industry are still in an infantile stage, and that Japan has to learn from America much more than she has already learned. As a result the admiration he entertains for the marvels America has accomplished along these lines far outweighs his disgust at her sappukei.

When he crosses the Pacific back to Japan and again comes in contact with our ill-adapted foreign mode of living and primitive manner in which our people conduct their business, his memory of his unpleasant experiences in America gradually fades until she becomes in his recollection like a shining land of activity. To his friends and acquaintances he constantly harps on the greatness of American material achievements. It is this everlasting 'boosting' of America, coupled with the outstanding fact of the superiority of American-made goods to practically all similar goods made in Japan, that has done so much to form a romantic conception of America and Americans in the minds of the Japanese people.

The Japanese student who studies in an American high school, college, or university lives in an academic atmosphere. Usually he makes acquaintances among some choice Americans in a narrowly limited community. He is generally regarded as a courteous gentleman, respected by them, and admired for his industriousness in his school work. But his position in this community is that of a guest instead of a member, and he is always treated as such. He is, in most cases, merely a spectator of this limited world in which he has cast his lot. Under such circumstances he forms a very flattering impression of Americans. It becomes his habit to look upon America through the spectacles of his happy school-days.

When the student comes back to Japan after a period of study in America, he remembers and speaks of the wholesome atmosphere of the little

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American community in which he lived, and generalizes about all things American from his limited experience. There always lingers in his mind a pleasant and grateful memory of the few generous American friends he made in that community, who were particularly interested in him and never failed to be his comforters and helpers in his crises of loneliness and want.

Government officials, scholars, and scientists conduct various investigations in America and come back with huge piles of documents for future reference. They agree that America is sappukei, and attribute it to her material civilization in contrast with the so-called spiritual civilization of the Orient, or to America's lack of traditions, history, and the like. But here again the importance with which they regard their investigations of American institutions, systems, and applied science overshadows all they may pick up about American social life.

Our government officials and scientists envy the material resources, scientific equipment, and enterprise of the American Government and American research institutions, and constantly lament their own lack of equipment, experience, and originality. The liberality with which American institutions in all lines of endeavor are equipped fills them with admiration and respect for America.

They constantly quote European and American scholars and scientists in their speeches and writings. It is almost a fad for them to do so, while few of them care to quote their own scholars and scientists. American books are immediately translated into Japanese and many of them are used as text- and reference-books in educational institutions. Japanese magazines are flooded with stories of Americans and American achievements.

So much for the source of the general information of the Japanese people about Americans. This state of affairs has prevailed in this country in one form or another ever since Japanese began to go to America and bring back from there the fruits of Western civilization. Stories of American achievements, heroes, leaders of various movements and their noble principles have conspired to produce in the minds of the Japanese people the idea that America is a land of romance and miracles. As a result, Japanese tacitly admit that Americans are superior to them — not innately, but through the gift of circumstances. This is one of the reasons why Japanese in general regard Americans with special consideration and respect.

An interesting remark was made at a meeting of an organization formed by American-trained Japanese, of which I am a member, that illustrates this attitude of the Japanese mind toward Americans. One of the members, who is a business man and a graduate of an American college, said that he planned to employ an American, preferably a man who could not speak the Japanese language, and present his business propositions to others through him. In conducting business transactions, he, the principal, would act merely as an interpreter. According to his experience, he said, a business proposition presented by an American commands special attention and consideration, and its proponent is treated with more courtesy than is ordinarily accorded to a Japanese; the same proposition on the same terms would be accepted if presented by an American that would sometimes be ignored if he presented it.

It is this high esteem cherished by the Japanese people toward the American people that makes them protest so violently and bitterly against the action of the American Congress prohib-

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iting Japanese immigration. They criticize Americans on the ground of a high moral principle, because they think of them in terms of the Declaration of Independence, of the principles of liberty, equality, and fraternity, and of the noble utterances of George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, and a host of prominent American statesmen, scholars, and Christian preachers. They do so because they, as a whole, are not informed of, or accustomed to take into consideration, the emotional side of American life, which is older than America's high moral sentiments. It is for this reason that most of the arguments on the subject of the Japanese immigration problem are advanced not on a practical basis but on the basis of moral principles.

Japan has been successful in extending her national influence during the past half-century. Japan is very proud of her achievements, as she has a right to be, and has posed before the eyes of the world as a sort of Number-One boy in the Orient. The Japanese people are by nature proud, sentimental, and sensitive, and, as they lack a sense of philosophic humor, they naturally take the 'first-class nation' phrase very seriously. With this mental attitude and with their misguided notion of America, they take the American affront very much to heart and give vent to their feelings regardless of possible injury to their own national interests.

Such an attitude, however, is conducive neither to a proper understanding of the Japanese grievance nor to intelligent sympathy for it. It is the extremity of folly for the Japanese people to fool themselves into thinking that a Christian nation always conducts itself according to the doctrine of Jesus. It must be remembered that the Christian nations of Europe have just blasted their own continent with the bitterness of curses and hatred, and have visited upon their fellow men the worst of calamities at the very moment when their hearts should have been gladdened by the happy tidings: 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.' European nations are capable of doing all this and more, if necessity demands; so the American nation will do the same under the stern law of necessity. Americans may deplore the World War and declare that Europe went mad, that a few monarchs and ministers were guilty of all its evil, but America, in spite of Wilson's saying that 'America is too proud to fight,' did fight when she was confronted by the grim necessity of war. When a great crisis comes no argument, no reasoning, avails. Madness and a misguided few, supported by millions, wage battle unhindered, and soldiers, with murderous weapons in their hands, kill and kill and kill.

It is thus that the anti-Japanese immigration movement gathered headway, and no one was able to prevent it from taking its course. While the Japanese were still hopeful and were comforting themselves by dreaming that the American President, the Secretary of State, and public opinion were on their side, President Coolidge was compelled to sign the anti-Japanese legislation because the policy of the American Congress in shutting out the Colored races is thoroughly consistent with and representative of the American sentiment in favor of maintaining a White America. A host of American newspapers are attacking Congress for its action, but merely because of the idiotic method by which it carried out its purpose.

The Japanese Government declared its readiness to revise the Gentlemen's Agreement, asserting that 'the question is not one of expediency but of principle.' It stated that 'the mere fact that a few hundreds or thousands

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of her nationals will or will not be admitted into the domains of other countries is immaterial, so long as no question of national susceptibility is involved.' If the American Congress thought the Gentlemen's Agreement was an instrument incapable of controlling Japanese immigration, there was every possibility of making an amicable arrangement through diplomatic channels. Under the circumstances, there was no occasion warranting the American Congress in taking the action which it did at the cost of unnecessarily offending Japan.

There were two ways of settling the immigration problem — one was amicable and the other was insulting. The American Congress deliberately chose the offensive course when there was every opportunity to choose the other. In so doing Congress accomplished its aim on the strength of a mere technicality, taking advantage of the famous 'grave consequences' note, and the absence of certain specific wording in the existing treaty, but substantially violating the spirit of the treaty.

Considerable emphasis has been laid by the thinking classes of both Japan and America on the importance and necessity of coöperation between the two countries in order to ensure the peace of the Pacific and of the world. It is perfectly plain, however, that no coöperation can flourish in a bellicose atmosphere. It goes without saying that it takes two to coöperate, and Japan cannot coöperate alone when America is disposed to offend Japan unnecessarily. It was driven home to Japan once for all by the action of the American Government that it takes two to fight but that one can start a fight.

Americans may have some grounds for their argument that Japanese immigration in America is an economic problem, as they have always insisted. But all Japanese who pretend to know anything about America have the strong conviction born of their own experiences that the issue is essentially racial. The Japanese masses have now begun to understand and appreciate this view, and the recent conduct of the American Congress is bound to confirm them in this opinion.

When they protest against America's action, intelligent Japanese realize clearly the helpless position in which Japan has been placed. They are now convinced that Japan must seek the support of other Asiatic nations which have similar grievances against the nations of the White race. They look far and wide for friendly allies in Asia and find that Japan is practically the only strong and independent Power in the midst of the vast wilderness of the Orient. They realize that the heart of the Empire has been stricken by an earthquake, causing damage unheard of in the history of their country. They are conscious that the nation is sinking deep into an abyss of financial difficulties and will sink still deeper if all signs are not misleading. In the face of this inexorable reality, they have no way to redeem themselves from humiliation except to give utterance to their thoughts and feelings, and to eat in sorrow the bread of bitterness that is served them.

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CAMPAIGNING BY RADIO

BY CAPTAIN H. J. ROUND

[*The author, who is one of the most prominent wireless-engineers and inventors in Great Britain, is an officer of the Marconi Company.*]

From the *Morning Post, June 27*,
(LONDON TORY DAILY)

SINCE the earliest days of democratic government there must have existed among political audiences three types of men: those who are already converted to the speaker's way of thinking; those who are undecided and wish to form an opinion after hearing the speaker; and those who are confirmed supporters of the opposite point of view and are determined that no one else present shall be able to hear the speaker.

Organization of the latter class of elector must result in serious interference with the principles of free speech. Argument and appeal are too often useless, and any means, therefore, which enables speakers to overcome the interruptions and to give their opinions freely to the first two classes of listener is welcomed, especially by those parties whose instincts are against retaliation on the noisy elements by their own methods.

The printed word may be the surest and safest way of getting 'heard,' but it lacks the direct appeal of speech and sight. Accordingly means have been developed, first in America and afterward in this country, for magnifying the speaker's voices to such dimensions that the interruptor is frustrated. Moreover, he may even be converted, as he is forced to listen. The same methods can be applied to those audiences which, owing to their size, are beyond the range of the human voice. In such cases the loud-speaker is a necessity.

The technical problems involved consist in placing a microphone near the speaker, — the nearer to him the easier the problem, — magnifying the minute currents formed by his voice to very much greater dimensions by means of valves, and then allowing these currents to flow into loud-speakers. The closer the duplication by the loud-speaker of the original voice the better, but at present the engineer has to be satisfied if he can retain intelligibility in all cases with not too great a divergence from a human quality.

Intelligibility is moderately easy to maintain, but on the human quality, no doubt, will depend the full and final effect on audiences.

The easiest way of handling the problem is to shut the speaker up in a box by himself and to let the loud-speakers do the rest. This, of course, is similar to the broadcasting method, where the box becomes an important place called the studio. If this is done in connection with suitable loud-speakers a volume of speech can be produced which, in an open plain, could be heard for many miles, and against which no interruptions would make any headway at all. In this instance, however, the appeal to the sense of sight is lacking. In elections this is undoubtedly an important factor.

An alternative is to amplify the voice

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of the speaker while he is actually addressing part of his audience, and to provide loud-speakers for overflow meetings outside the hall or in other halls. There are limitations in this case. Interruptions in the hall will naturally be reproduced in the loud-speakers outside. If these are not too violent they will add, no doubt, to the interest of the speech. On the other hand there is the danger that the loud-speakers outside will be audible in the hall through the windows and doors, and this sound, of course, is faithfully picked up by the microphone and re-amplified. A distortion of the sound results, which, unless the magnification is limited, becomes unbearable.

The fact that this distortion can occur limits the volume of effective sound which can be produced by the loud-speakers.

There are two more cases where the distortion trouble is still more accentuated. The first is when the speaker and his microphone are in the open close to the loud-speakers. This was the case when the King made his opening speech at Wembley. On that occasion, however, certain technical precautions were taken which would not always be possible owing to limitations of space or situation. The second case, which is the worst of all, is when the loud-speakers are actually in the same hall as the speaker.

The difficulties in these cases where the magnified voice can get back to the microphone are not nearly so great if the speaker can speak directly into an ordinary post-office telephone, because the volume of sound that can be produced by the loud-speakers is inversely as the distance of the microphone from the speaker's mouth. It is, however, obviously a serious disadvantage to an orator to ask him to speak to a direct audience, and at the same time into a microphone which he holds in his hand. Sometimes he will forget the one and sometimes the other, and rhetorical gesture will be limited. But hand microphones have the advantage of considerably reducing the capital cost and operating costs, and for this reason will be used to some extent. In the present state of the art the ideal apparatus requires expert attention, but increasing experience will no doubt simplify the problem.

I had the pleasure recently of watching the effect on an outdoor audience of some large loud-speakers.

The speaker in the hall addressed a picked audience, and very little interruption occurred, but outside, where an overflow meeting had been arranged, a large and chiefly antagonistic crowd had gathered. A section of this crowd was being harangued by an opposition speaker before the meeting inside the hall had started.

Suddenly the signal was given to switch on. For the moment only the noises of the audience in the hall reached the microphone as the speeches had not commenced; but it was no small torrent of sound that emerged from the loud-speakers. I shall never forget the look of amazement and indignation on the face of the opposition orator. He paused, tried to continue, and then abandoned the attempt.

Thoroughly angry, he moved his wagon-platform down the street to what he thought would be a better position. Soon after the speeches inside the hall began he was driven from this position also. Even at some distance from the hall the loud-speakers predominated.

Later on attempts were made with large rattles and organized singing to drown the sound from the loud-speakers, but a few yards away from this opposition noise the loud-speakers still predominated. It seemed, however, to cause greats atisfaction to the interrupt-

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ers with the rattles, as, of course, they could prevent themselves at least from hearing the loud-speakers.

The possibilities of competition between loud-speakers belonging to different parties are many. If each of the three parties were to provide itself with a three-ton lory, batteries, or a small power-plant of two or three horse-power, and a battery of horns on the roof of the lorry, one more terror would be added to the streets. There is no limit to the strength that can be produced, under favorable circumstances.

One cannot forecast the feelings of the electorate if politics become a competition of noise. Can the engineer go further? Television may be a dream of the future, but there is no difficulty in reflecting an image of the speaker on to a screen in an adjoining hall. Combine that with the loud-speakers and magnify the figure on the screen to suit the proportions of the giant voice, and surely no necessity remains for the speaker to be visible in person.

I am sure, too, that it would appeal to the vanity of many a speaker to know that a colored, moving, and Brobdingnagian representation of himself was forcing itself and his view on a hostile audience by means of a ten-horsepower 'bank' of loud-speakers. This missile-proof giant would be controlled by a bespectacled engineer who with a touch of his switches could limit the power-output to suit the fluctuating temper of an alternately docile or angry audience.

Perhaps the engineer would enjoy it even more than the politician. His would be the real power.

ACROSS AUSTRALIA BY MOTOR-CAR

BY MICHAEL TERRY

[*The young Englishman of twenty-five — with a flavor of Ireland in his name and manner — who wrote this article and his companion were the first persons to cross the Australian continent by motor-car.*]

From the *Morning Post, June* 28
(TORY DAILY)

DURING the latter part of 1922 I found myself in the tiny railhead-town of Winton in northwestern Queensland. I was there with the intention of jumping off into the interior as soon as ways and means would permit, but the dryness of the season was the main difficulty. My ambition was to make an overland trip right across to the western Australian coast. I reasoned, however, that if the ground was too dry for long-distance horse-traveling it would be all the better for vehicular traffic.

Then gradually there came to me, first the idea, and afterward the resolve, to undertake the toughest motor-journey ever attempted in Australia — that is to say, to cross the Continent. Information of likely obstacles was very meagre, but I gained the general impression that there would be rough bush tracks for a few hundred miles at

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each end of the journey, which would give way to mere cattle-pads, and after that in the heart of the interior there would be naught but open country to be crossed by compass-bearing.

Such a proposition could be tackled only by optimists and I was lucky to find a kindred spirit who threw his all into my foolhardy proposition. His name was Richard Yockney, an Englishman, to whom I shall always be indebted for his loyalty and hard work, which made the realization of my great dream possible. Incidentally, he saved my life through his capacity to 'stick,' as Kipling says, 'till there is naught in you save the will. . . .'

People who heard of our project promptly christened us 'Mutt and Jeff, the Explorers,' and it was not long before ridicule and sarcastic advice made us regret the publicity that came our way.

Finances were not strong, so we decided to buy an old Ford car and to equip and rebuild it specially for the undertaking. For this steed we paid the huge sum of £50, and, as a new one was then worth about £250, it can be imagined that the tires were the most valuable part we bought! So long as the material was there, however, it could be trued up again and made workable; but it took us two months' hard work to get ready to set out. Supplies were hard to get, and much bargaining gave us a bad name, but careful purchasing of our heterogeneous 'plant' was only too necessary, for when we started out we had only £8 2*s*. 3*d*. left between us.

We were dismayed to find that we could not dispense with less than a ton load, although every unnecessary pound's weight was rigorously avoided. As a 'Lizzie' cannot be expected to handle so much weight, we had to build a light two-wheeled trailer for hauling behind, which carried twelve hundredweight of the load. Our varied 'plant' included petrol, tires, tubes, oil, spare parts, repair tools, road-making tools, blankets, food, medicines, guns and ammunition, cameras and films, and a host of minor accessories. We even carried a light portable winch and forty feet of wire rope for hauling the car over impossible gullies, which more than proved its value when we were crossing some ranges of mountains far in the interior.

The first few hundred-miles of our traveling took us as many months, for as we journeyed we became itinerant mechanics, repairing cars and engineering appliances at the various homesteads we passed. To get money was our most urgent need, for had any appreciable setback occurred at the outset it would have spelled 'finish,' for £8 does not go far where supplies have to be transported 1000 miles from the warehouse. So we took every job we could get, from erecting a windmill to repairing cars, or even simple blacksmith-work. The bush mechanic has to be versatile, but we made good at the game, and at the finish we were earning £4 a day between us as we became known as reputed 'gun' mechanics. The word 'gun' is used in the Far West to qualify anyone exceptionally skilled at his trade.

Eventually, in the middle of June, 1923, we set out from our railhead, Cloncurry, financially sound, fully supplied. Our spirits were high, though no one encouraged us with a cheery send-off. On the contrary, the people thought it was only a matter of time before they heard of a disaster to us.

Some days later we crossed into the Northern Territory, near the last tiny settlement of about fifty people, called Camooweal. Ahead we had nearly 1500 miles of open country to the next outpost, Halls Creek, in Western Australia. It is only very slightly known

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and unmapped. It has been roughly traversed, but never surveyed. Maps, purporting to give reliable information, have the geographical features mostly sketched in according to report and popular opinion, so it was not surprising to find a river running from south to north instead of north to south as the map showed.

At a point known as Anthony's Lagoon we had to leave all semblance of a track, and start on a stretch of about 800 miles of 'compass' country, on which we only encountered three lonely cattle-stations! At two of them our luck proved phenomenal, as we found that they had a small supply of petrol, which they let us supplement with kerosene to solve our fuel problems. Not knowing this good fortune was awaiting us, we intended to get as far as possible with existing supplies, and then to borrow horses and spend many valuable weeks packing our fresh supplies from depots hundreds of miles away. It was a foolhardy way to strike out from civilization, no doubt, but what else could we do with no organization to back us, nor official recognition to smooth the way? All that we had was the desire to do the job, together, perhaps, with the luck of fools!

At one stage we had to set out knowing we had n't enough fuel to get through. We therefore got careful directions for locating our objective, a station homestead, for we were still in open trackless country, where mountains, rivers, and the compass are the 'traffic cops.' We started out and got well and truly 'bushed,' because our director had not been through the country for ten years, and his memory was vague. The result was that we were four and one half days without food and two days without water, walking always. Precious water was 'fluked' in the nick of time, or a quarter of a mile later all would have been up with us.

There were three solutions to the tangle, and, after sampling two, I had to give up and sit down by the water, while my admirable companion set out on his own on a forlorn hope. Two days later I was rescued, for, by endurance I cannot even imagine, he got close to the homestead before collapsing. Friendly Blacks found him, and soon White men brought him round with food and stimulants. 'My mate' were his first words. Then the hustle began. Horses were rounded up, a buckboard loaded, and then away. I had a gun with me, and they feared I might have used it. Naturally the temptation came to me, for I went off my head a bit. However, all 's well that ends well.

Once we were trapped in country with bush fires all around us, and such was our plight that we had to find a likely gap in the face of the surrounding fire and get through at all cost. Speed, and luck, stood by us, but just as we got to the critical spot a gust of flame-laden smoke swept across our path. We thought this was the finish, but again with the luck of fools we won through. Incidents like this sound melodramatic, but they are literally true.

I will always remember a certain spell of fourteen days. During that long time by dint of long hours of toil from sunup till sundown we covered only eighty miles. Felling trees, bumping over stones and limestone ridges, creeping through grass as high as the car, sliding down treacherous banks into dry river-beds, and trials never before undergone by motorists were our daily lot. At one homestead the Blacks all disappeared into the bush, so scared were they at the first appearance of a horseless cart. Dingoes, the wild dogs of Australia, used to howl round us while we were sleeping on the bare ground, tentless of course, and screaming 'clouds' of cockatoos were our guide for water. A hurried glance along

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the sights of a rifle would often have to decide the extent of our evening meal.

On two occasions my companion had lucky escapes from snakes, but generally we were n't troubled with them, because we did most of our traveling during the cool dry period extending from May till September.

The upshot of many adventures and amusing experiences was that on October 4, 1923, we arrived on the west coast at a pearling town, called Broome. Having satisfied incredulous bushmen that our feat was not imagination, we were well entertained. We contrived to sell the car for £100, so were able to settle the financial situation satisfactorily. We only had £12 left between us at the completion of our journey of 2700 miles, so this was a lucky sale. We returned to Sydney by coastal boat and the Transcontinental Railway, and not many weeks later our friends welcomed us as men from the dead!

ECKERMANN'S DIARY

BY PROFESSOR H. H. HOUBEN

From *Frankfurter Zeitung, June* 29
(LIBERAL DAILY)

ECKERMANN'S diaries were supposed to have vanished, and literary historians had no precise knowledge of the manuscript sources he used in writing his *Conversations with Goethe*. Some imagine that Eckermann constantly followed his master about with a pencil and pad in hand, jotting down everything that fell from the divine lips. Others have disputed the fidelity of his narrative, on the ground of his own testimony that he reconstructed some of the most important conversations from memory. The student who regards the *Conversations* merely as a chronicle of Goethe's daily life, without considering the creative quality that gives that book its enduring value, will discover in it errors of detail. But these do not detract materially from the unique significance of Eckermann's contribution to the great writer's history.

I have recently come upon a hitherto unknown collection of Eckermann's papers containing copious original notes prepared for use in writing the *Conversations*. I shall employ them extensively in a biography of Eckermann, shortly to appear, which will throw much light on hitherto obscure passages in his life. Therefore I shall not attempt here to describe these papers in full, but shall merely give a specimen that illustrates in a measure Eckermann's method of work. He was accustomed to jot down notable personal experiences in a diary. When they involved conversations with Goethe, he evidently made these records while the subject was still fresh in his mind. His reports of such fragments of conversations are therefore very authoritative. It was not until later, when he slowly matured the materials for his book, that substantial editorial modifications began to creep

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in. This process of editing can be clearly traced. The original diary is written in ink, and shows all the corrections and expansions that such a hastily scribbled original version obviously demanded. But when Eckermann quotes Goethe verbatim, he follows the original draft scrupulously. He was so familiar with Goethe's manner of speaking, with the rhythm of his periods, that he seems to have recorded them with almost automatic precision. Here and there he corrects a proper name, or smooths out an abrupt transition, as the emendations show. His revisions were entered with a lead pencil, and whatever he lined out or added with his lead pencil is omitted or included in the printed *Conversations*.

An incident that occurred on the twenty-second of June, 1827, upset Eckermann seriously, and he recorded it at length in his diary. It was a highly characteristic argument with August von Goethe, in which what would have been an unconscious assumption of Olympian superiority on the part of the father degenerated into arrogance and rudeness in the son. August, who was the chamberlain of the Crown Prince and wore a sword at his side, bullied the helpless Eckermann with Mephistophelian capriciousness almost under the eyes of Goethe, who was sitting in the next room conversing with Chancellor von Müller. Part of the conversation — that relating to Count Sternberg, Byron, and Zelter — was given in Eckermann's book, but it is recorded more fully in his original notes. The fact that the incident shows August von Goethe extolling Schiller openly above his own father makes this odd scene in Goethe's household extremely interesting.

WEIMAR, *June 22*, 1827. — A misfortune has befallen me which may have for me further consequences of a serious character. For this reason, and inasmuch as I have no friend to whom I can open my heart, I will confide the facts to paper, and thus perhaps relieve my feelings.

Day before yesterday, June 20, I was so fortunate as to dine again with Goethe. I came from Mr. Skinner, who is engaged in translating *Iphigenie*, and whom I have been doing my best to help. He has made a fair copy of the second act, which he handed me a few days ago in order that I might compare the English verses with the German original and note down my observations and suggestions. As I was deeply interested in the matter, I took the task very seriously, and spent several hours in a careful study and criticism of the two first speeches alone. I gave my notes to Mr. Skinner; he appreciated them highly, and was much gratified to feel that they enabled him to improve his translation materially. We had just finished the revision of the first two speeches that day. I put the fair copy of the translation in my pocket to continue with the rest of the critical comparison at my home. It was thus that I arrived at Goethe's. The family table was set for five people. The rooms were empty and cool, which was very pleasant indeed, for it was excessively warm and a thunderstorm was gathering. I entered the large room opening into the dining-room, where the embroidered carpet and the colossal bust of Juno are. I had been there walking up and down but a moment when Goethe entered from his study, and greeted me in his usual magnificent but kindly manner. I was delighted to see him so well and so happy.

'Now, my good fellow,' said Goethe jovially and vigorously, 'how are you getting along? What are you Englishmen doing? With what have you been busying yourselves?'

When he asked me this I half-in-

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voluntarily pulled the sheets of the *Iphigenie* manuscript out of my pocket and shook them in the air by the white ribbon with which they were loosely held together at one corner. 'Here, your Excellency,' I said, 'are the posters of the second act of *Iphigenie*.'

'Oho,' said Goethe. 'Let 's see them. You are industrious fellows and deserve praise.'

Handing the papers to Goethe I said: 'These sheets are not really intended for your Excellency. The writing is not legible. We are just now engaged in carefully comparing the translation with the original, and revising it. Mr. Skinner will be very much gratified if you will permit him to call upon you once more before he leaves and to read to you some passages from his translation, as you have suggested.'

'Yes,' answered Goethe, 'I 'd like to hear how it sounds in English, and, as you say, he must come again some evening. I 'll talk that over with you another time and make a definite appointment.' Laying the papers on a table and seating himself in a chair near the window Goethe continued: 'Draw up a chair and sit here by me. We 'll chat a bit before the others come. I am very glad that you have become acquainted with Count Sternberg here. He has left and I am again quite alone.'

'The Count seems to me a man of very great ability,' I said, 'and of equally great learning. Wherever the conversation turned he was on familiar ground, and whatever he discussed he discussed with knowledge and judgment, and at the same time with great facility and ease.'

'Yes,' Goethe said, 'he is a very able man. His influence and his connections in Germany are extensive. He is known all over Europe as a botanist through his *Flora Subterranea*. He is also a mineralogist of ability. Do you know his history?'

'No,' I said, 'but I 'd like to learn something concerning him. I could see that he was a Count, a man of the world, and also a many-sided and profound scholar. How he could be all these things at once is a problem that I 'd like to solve.'

'Good,' said Goethe. 'I 'll tell you the story of his life.' Goethe then related to me how it was designed to make the Count a priest when he was a young man, how he began his studies at Rome, how later, when Austria had withdrawn certain favors, he had gone to Naples. Continuing from that point Goethe sketched the outstanding facts of an interesting, important, and remarkable life, a biography that would be a credit to his *Wanderjahre*, but that I am not clever enough to repeat here. I enjoyed listening to him immensely, and thanked him most warmly and heartily when he finished. Our conversation then turned to the Bähmisch Schools and their great advantages, especially in the matter of imparting thorough æsthetic culture.

We sat down to dinner. Mr. von Goethe, Mrs. von Goethe, and Miss von Pogwisch had also come in. We talked in high spirits about every conceivable topic. The Pietists of the German Free Cities kept coming up in our conversation. Somebody said that these Pietist sectarians had set whole families by the ears. I was able to relate a specific incident where I almost lost an excellent friend because he had not been able to convert me to his belief. I said: 'This man was completely obsessed by the doctrine that merit and good works count for nothing, and that man can be saved only by the grace of Christ.'

Mrs. von Goethe remarked: 'A friend said something of the same sort to me, but I don't know yet what it is really all about.'

'Like all the other things,' said

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Goethe, 'that are fashionable and are talked about in the world to-day, it is merely a mixture and no one knows whence it comes. The doctrine of good works — that a man by goodness, kindness, and generous deeds can expiate his sins and win the favor of God — is Catholic. The Reformers in a spirit of opposition rejected this doctrine and set up in its place the teaching that each individual must strive to understand the nature of Christ, and to participate in His grace, which will without further effort cause him to do good works. But to-day these doctrines are all in confusion and interchanged, and no one knows where he stands.'

I thought to myself, without saying it aloud, that differences of opinion in regard to religious matters had from the very beginning of time sowed dissension among men, and made them enemies: that the first murder had been caused by a dispute over honoring God. But I merely observed that I had just read Byron's *Cain*, and had admired it greatly, especially the third act and the motivation of the murder.

'Is n't that so?' said Goethe. 'It is remarkably motivated. Its unique beauty could not be duplicated.'

'Congratulate yourself,' said Mr. von Goethe to his wife, 'that your Byron is being praised so.'

'*Cain*,' I said, 'was none the less forbidden for a time in England, but now everybody reads it, and most young English tourists carry a complete edition of Byron around with them.'

'That was folly,' interjected Goethe. 'There is nothing in *Cain* that the Bishops themselves do not teach. It is just because Lord Byron loathed this doctrine, drilled into him from his boyhood, that he wrote *Cain*.'

I was about to remark that it seemed to me that the old Bible tradition took Cain's part in making the angel say that no one should harm Cain, and that whoever killed him would pay the penalty for murder seven times over; but just then the Chancellor was announced. He entered and sat down at the table. At the same time Walter and Wolf, the grandchildren, ran in. Wolf snuggled up against the Chancellor. Goethe said: 'Get your album for the Chancellor, and show him your Princess and what Count Sternberg wrote for you.' Wolf ran away and returned with the book. The Chancellor looked at the picture of Princess Maria Louise Alexandrine of Saxe-Weimar, with the verses Goethe had written to accompany it. He then turned over several pages and discovered Zelter's autograph and read: 'Learn to obey.'

'That 's the only sensible thing in the whole book,' said Goethe laughing. 'Zelter is always fine and virtuous. I 'm just going over his letters to Riemer. They contain some invaluable things. The letters that he wrote me during his travels are splendid. Since he was both a competent architect and a good musician, he had the advantage of never lacking subjects upon which to express his judgment. As soon as he entered a city the buildings there at once reported to him what they had to show him that was excellent and what inferior. The musical societies hastened to invite him to their meetings, and no talent escaped his keen observation. If a stenographer had taken down his talks to his music pupils, we should possess to-day a unique piece of literature upon that art. In such matters Zelter is talented and competent, and always hits the nail on the head.'

While Goethe was talking, Wolf's album was passed from hand to hand, and examined by the different people at the table. Mr. von Goethe rose to go.

'Don't go yet,' said Goethe jokingly. 'You must first do penance for your sins,

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as I warned you, and see what I have got for you in the next room. You can't get away until you have done that.'

'I wonder what you 've got in your head,' said Mr. von Goethe, and went into the room to the right of the dining-room, where the majolica vases stand. Meanwhile, the conversation turned to Berlin, and the Chancellor took a letter from the painter Kolbe out of his pocket and began to read it to Goethe. While he was doing so Mr. von Goethe returned.

'Well now,' said Goethe, 'what have you to say?'

'I have nothing more to say,' his son answered jokingly, 'except that I was not guilty of the offense. It was the Ladies' Society.'

'A fine way to wriggle out of it,' said Goethe laughing. 'Go in there, Eckermann, and you go with him and show it to the Doctor, and we shall see what he has to say.'

The Chancellor stayed behind to read Kolbe's letter to Goethe. I accompanied Mr. von Goethe into the next room, arm in arm and joking as was natural with good friends who had been fond of each other for years.

'I had to hunt around before I could find the miracle,' said Mr. von Goethe. 'Now you must do your own hunting, my Doctor. Is it here? Look around, Doctor!'

'No,' I said. 'I see nothing here that I have n't seen before.'

We went into another room. 'Perhaps it will be here,' said Mr. von Goethe. He led me to an alcove and drew back the curtains. Some of the charts and instruments that Goethe used for his color-theory experiments were there.

'That is n't it,' I said.

'Good,' said Mr. von Goethe, and we entered the third and last room. 'It must be here then. I myself thought it might be in that chest, but it was n't there. Still, it 's here.' With these words he led me to two paintings leaning against the wall. [We have not been able to discover what paintings these were. H.H.H.] The utter inanity and worthlessness of the subjects was obvious at a glance, although it could not be denied that the artist had handled them with skill. We discussed the pictures jokingly and returned, first stopping for a minute in the room next to the dining-room, chaffing as we are wont to do.

'I am now a big man, Doctor,' said Mr. von Goethe, 'and defy the whole world. I wear this sword constantly by my side, and if anyone offends me, let him beware!'

'No exceptions?' I asked.

'What!' cried Mr. von Goethe. 'I spare none.'

'None?' I repeated.

'Of course, my father,' answered Mr. von Goethe, 'for there filial respect comes into play, and that is a sentiment too holy to be offended.'

I complimented him, and was about to open the door.

'Not yet,' said Mr. von Goethe: 'Think over first what you 're going to say to my father about the pictures when you go in. Is n't it so — my remark about the Ladies' Society was apt?'

'Very apt,' I replied. 'Now that I have seen the pictures I understand what you meant, and they fit the case exactly.'

'Hurry, Doctor, and think of something to say.'

'I can't think of anything to say. I 'll say nothing, or else whatever pops into my mouth.' I opened the door and entered the dining-room.

'Well,' asked Goethe, 'what did you think of the pictures? Are you like my son, who was n't so horribly pained by them?'

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'They will do,' I said. 'Of course, the subjects are awfully trivial, but I did n't suffer intense pain from looking at them.'

'You can't pin these people down. Now we 'll hear what the Chancellor has to say. My dear Chancellor, go and look at the pictures yourself.'

I took the Chancellor to see the pictures. He gave them a glance and expressed practically the same opinion of them that we had. Next to these pictures were two little portraits, one of Count Sternberg and the other of Haman. The latter was a pencil copy of an original, and had a dedication to Goethe on the back. The Chancellor read this, and we passed the pictures back and forth between us.

'This Haman,' said the Chancellor, 'considers Goethe the greatest man of the century. He puts him above even Kant. Have you read his writings?'

'No,' I said, 'but I have a great desire to do so.'

We went back. Miss Ulrike was putting on her straw hat and preparing to go down to the garden after her sister, Madame von Goethe. The Chancellor again seated himself at the table with Goethe, who had a portfolio of drawings in front of him. I was anxious to stay and hear what he had to say, but young Goethe beckoned to me.

'Come with me, Doctor. I 'll show you something.'

I followed him reluctantly into the Blue Room, where, by turning around, we could see the Chancellor and Goethe sitting at the table and hear them talking, although we could not understand all they said.

'I want to show you something,' said Mr. von Goethe, 'that you would n't get a chance to see so easily and that you will thank me for showing you. Some excellent landscapes that the Countess Julie (von Egloffstein) drew from nature. They are all in this book. Make yourself comfortable; take a chair and sit at this table.'

I was delighted, opened the book, and was pleasantly surprised at the excellence of the drawings. Grasping Mr. von Goethe's hand, I said: 'I am exceedingly thankful to you for this treat.'

'You see, Doctor, I am very fond of you,' he said, seizing my left arm and twisting it until I exclaimed: 'Look out! You 'll break my arm!'

My friend desisted laughingly, saying: 'It would be a joke, Doctor, for me to break your arm, would n't it?'

'Your high spirits make you do crazy things,' I said.

'But now, Doctor, do me a favor. Just lie for once; just disgrace yourself for once and say, when Countess Julie speaks to you, that you were delighted at her sketches, but saw them secretly behind my father's back, without his knowledge. Don't tell her I showed them to you.'

'Lie?' I exclaimed. 'I will not. I 'll tell the Countess how delighted I was with her drawings, but I shall add that I owe the pleasure to you.'

'Very well, as you like,' Mr. von Goethe said. 'I consent.'

We continued looking over the drawings, and were both of us delighted by the extraordinary talent the Countess showed. I said: 'We are getting compensation for the pictures that your father tried in vain to punish us with. I can well imagine, though, that such silly things pain him worse than they do us, who are accustomed to seeing trash at the theatre and everywhere else every day of our lives without noticing it. He, whose mind is in constant communion with the great and beautiful and who has devoted an entire lifetime to elevating art, must suffer when he sees pictures like those we have just looked at painted in the nineteenth century.'

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'You are right, but there is no remedy for stupidity. "With folly even gods combat in vain,"' he recited impressively, as he moved toward the door to leave.

'That 's a fine quotation,' I said, turning in my chair. 'Whose is it?'

'Schiller's,' answered Mr. von Goethe 'in the *Jungfrau*.'

'It might be Shakespeare.'

'Why not Schiller? Don't you think he 's capable of that?'

'Capable, yes. But it is not in the spirit of his *Jungfrau* — it 's more in Shakespeare's manner.'

'Talbot says it in the death scene. Don't you think that Schiller was great enough to speak in the manner of Talbot?'

These words hit the nail on the head, and I admitted my defeat.

'See, Doctor, you are a great man and I like you, but I could kill you for not giving his due to Schiller.'

'It would be a shame,' I said jokingly, 'for me to die on Schiller's account, for I still have things I 'd like to do in this world. So I hereby pay him my homage.'

'No, you don't.'

'How is that? What makes you think that?'

'You don't talk about him. You ignore him.'

'I don't disparage him.'

'But you don't quote him.'

'Because I don't often find him quotable.'

'Every word in Schiller can be quoted, and he can be applied to every emergency of life. But you don't pay him due respect.'

'Oh, how you talk! I know Schiller as well as anyone. There was a period in my life when I read him and admired him deeply, because I had nothing better. But that is past. I have learned something greater and I cannot return to it.'

'Say rather, my friend, that you are incapable of appreciating him. There are men who, in regard to certain things, remain caterpillars as long as they live. You are like that with Schiller. You are imprisoned in a chrysalis.' As he said this Mr. von Goethe stepped up to me and touched a point on my forehead with his fingers: 'Here 's the visible proof that you have certain limitations, and can never comprehend and appreciate Schiller.'

That made me indignant, and I felt my blood rising, but I controlled myself out of respect for the place where I was. 'Go along with your Schiller,' I said. 'I know his excellencies and his defects as well as anybody. Schiller is a superior dramatist and at his best upon the stage. Outside of that we can get little from him in the higher reaches of human culture. His first pieces were crude, and in his later pieces he not infrequently offends against nature and the proprieties of a situation.'

'You are thinking of *The Robbers*,' said Mr. von Goethe, 'and I grant it is true there; but his later pieces are the pride of German literature. There are also many defects in my father's first writings.'

'Possibly offenses against art,' I said, 'but never against nature. Your father was born sound and whole, but Schiller only became what he was through cultivation.'

'In order to become anything,' said Mr. von Goethe, 'a man must first be something. He was a rough diamond that became a polished jewel, but he must have been a diamond from the first in order to emit such rays as he does now.'

I was struck by the metaphor and confessed that it applied.

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OMSK UNDER KOLCHAK. III

BY GEORGES DUBARBIER

From *La Nouvelle Revue, March 15*
(PARIS REPUBLICAN LITERARY AND POLITICAL SEMIMONTHLY)

KOLCHAK was personally an honest man and a brave soldier. When at the time of the Revolution he was summoned to surrender his sword by the crew of the naval vessel he commanded in the Black Sea, he threw it overboard rather than submit to the indignity. During his retreat to Irkutsk, after the complete collapse of his army, when every military and naval associate deserted him, he remained in his private car and refused to flee in a proffered disguise, because he considered that unworthy of a soldier. He was scrupulously honest, perhaps the only honest man in public life at Omsk. When he heard that his wife, who had remained at Sebastopol, was in financial straits, he sent her two thousand rubles, with a message that it was all he had. That was literally true, for he lived entirely upon his moderate salary.

Kolchak's ministers were without exception young men, with all the faults and errors of youth. For the most part they combined ignorance of practical business with utter lack of a sense of responsibility. The Minister of Foreign Affairs often visited the French Mission, where he would descant at length upon the profound subjects that occupied the minds of the Cabinet. One evening at dinner he observed to General Janin: 'I did n't see you at Madame X's dance last night. Everyone was dancing. It was a great success.' The General answered dryly that he was very busy the night before. Any other person would have understood and changed the subject, but the young Cabinet officer could not get the details of that dance out of his head, and rattled on about it the whole evening.

On another occasion the same gentleman entertained us during dinner with a great plan he had in mind for mobilizing the whole civilian population. Every man was to be drafted into public service. Our party stared open-mouthed at the apprentice minister. My table companion murmured: 'The poor fool! They have not been able to raise any army yet, and now they talk about mobilizing civilians.'

Another great project that temporarily monopolized the attention of the Cabinet was daylight-saving. Hearing that the Allies had accomplished notable economies by this, Kolchak's Ministers were filled by an ambition to do likewise. To appreciate the absurdity one should know that at Omsk it is broad daylight in the summertime until eleven o'clock at night, and darkness does not last more than three hours and a half. The only result of the reform was to get people up a little earlier for their morning vodka.

Unhappily all the activities of Kolchak's associates were not as innocent as these. Their two chief and enduring aims were to enrich themselves as soon as possible and to suppress — in the most literal and brutal sense of the word — their personal enemies.

Merchants and speculators were worried mainly over the scarcity and insecurity of transportation. A man

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who could get a carload of goods through from Vladivostok or Harbin to Omsk, and from there to the military front, was fairly sure to make a small fortune from the enterprise. At a time when our military operations were seriously hampered by lack of rolling stock and munitions, and when Russian and Czech soldiers were literally fighting each other for possession of trains, the officials of Omsk were issuing orders giving speculators possession of cars and free haulage for their goods. Of course the recipients paid huge sums for these privileges. Then they would post off to Harbin, which was an immense reservoir of provisions, textiles, arms, opium, and luxuries of every kind, load their cars, pass the customs without inspection, and return to Moscow virtually millionaires. I knew one Cabinet officer who engaged directly in this trade, not even sharing his profits with an underling. If these goods had really benefited the people and the army it would not have been so bad, but they were mostly useless luxuries. The 'protected' cars were laden with great packing-cases of ladies' lingerie, Paris perfumeries, silk stockings, and costly wines. Meanwhile, the military supplies which the Allied Missions accumulated at Omsk with infinite difficulty seldom reached the fighting front. They would leave Omsk, to be sure, but would mysteriously drop out of sight en route. It was impossible to trace them, for the men who diverted them for private profit had powerful protectors in the Government.

At first Kolchak's dictatorship was well received by the Siberians. For a time they looked upon him as the savior of the country, the man who would restore law and order. In city and country alike people were thoroughly tired of the Bolsheviki, whose rule was the negation of liberty — and liberty had been more of a reality in Siberia under the old Government than anywhere else in Russia. The peasants here knew little of the oppression of Tsarism. Consequently the short ascendancy of the Bolsheviki, and their attempt to apply their doctrines roughshod, turned all classes against them. Even the illiterate peasant detected at once that the new régime meant oppression instead of liberty, and preferred the status quo to that kind of progress.

Consequently popular disappointment and resentment were only the greater when people discovered that Kolchak's Government, which had come to restore order, was even worse than its predecessors. They had expected a dictatorship, but a competent and energetic one, and as soon as they found they were deceived they again listened with ready ears to the wily Moscow propagandists. The result was that the villagers marched forth to meet the advancing Bolsheviki with their priests at their head, and chanting hymns of praise around their icons.

Kolchak's worst enemies were not across the Urals but behind him. Had his ministers been honest and efficient money would have flowed abundantly into his coffers and soldiers would have flocked to his banners. But his corrupt entourage speedily transformed the Admiral in the eyes of the people from an ardent patriot into a shifty adventurer.

I recall an incident that illustrated strikingly how the peasants and the working people felt while they still believed in the Dictator. Perm had just been captured; the Admiral's troops were in Europe. Siberia had been completely purged of the Bolsheviki. The Archbishop of Perm had presented the Admiral with an icon, which the Commander had brought

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back with him to Omsk. It was decided that this should be transferred one Sunday from the Admiral's residence to the cathedral. On the day set an unbroken cordon of troops was drawn up along the avenue down which the procession was to pass. The column advanced majestically, led by a military band and a detachment of officers. Priests in their ceremonial robes surrounded the high dignitary who carried the sacred image. Closely packed behind the cordon of troops stood practically the whole population of the city, bareheaded, chanting the old canticles of the Church. That throng was remembering the old days — the old days when they sang and prayed for God and the Tsar. They saw in the icon a symbol of the return of law, order, and tranquillity. On that day Kolchak was in their eyes God's instrument to save Siberia.

Five months later the same naïve and mystical crowd would have slaughtered those who had deceived their hopes. If the Siberian peasant had been left to nurse his disappointment alone, Kolchak's fall might have been delayed. But the Bolsheviki are shrewd propagandists, and the Government made their work only too easy. Moscow's emissaries filtered through our lines, and organized little groups of partisans behind the front and all along the Transsiberian. Tracts were distributed among our recruits; a methodical agitation was started throughout the villages; every settlement had its group of conspirators, whom it was impossible to watch or to ferret out. These Bolshevist nuclei were most numerous and active in the Maritime Provinces, along the Amur, and in the wooded region between Tomsk and Novo-Nikolaievsk called the Taiga. Soon they were capturing and burning railway stations, derailing trains, and seizing munitions convoys, all the way from Vladivostok to the outskirts of Kolchak's capital.

These revolutionary groups of credulous peasants, army deserters, and black sheep from the Polish and Czech regiments, were led by harebrained and conceited young Russian intellectuals, mostly misfits in practical life who had become captivated by abstract and sterile social theories. Though visionaries by birth and education, they became realists with a vengeance when they discovered the possibilities of personal profit in their lawless career. The apostles of the new era converted no one, but the canaille converted them.

I should not omit to mention the chief stimulator of the barbarities and atrocities that characterized this guerrilla warfare. It was alcohol. The world knows that as soon as war was declared the Tsar forbade the sale of vodka. This was a wise and prudent measure, as everyone realizes who saw the ravages drunkenness made in both the civilian population and the army. One must have witnessed a native drinking-bout, he must have seen a party of Russians put under the table, to know just what I mean. Vodka — clear alcohol — was drunk like water at every meal. It was served in great goblets, which the Russians emptied repeatedly at a single draught from the time the hors-d'œuvres were served. Kolchak's doughty warriors would watch us contemptuously as we sipped several mouthfuls from a single glass. We knew they were asking themselves: 'How could such molly-coddles win the war?' They tossed down their alcohol by the tumblerful, with chest thrown out and head flung far back. So a dinner often ended with all the guests present, but on the floor.

The Bolsheviki took the bull by the horns and enforced the prohibition ukase they inherited from the Tsar

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even more vigorously than his own officials had done before them. They inflicted the death penalty unsparingly on anyone caught distilling or selling vodka, or anyone who drank it to excess. They knew by experience the perils of dealing with drunken mobs. Kolchak made a timid attempt to follow their example. Officers were forbidden to drink vodka. But his orders remained a dead letter. The sale of liquor was practically free, and I often saw at Omsk long queues of customers waiting before a bar for their turn to be served.

Kolchak's Government acted with more blindness than address in trying to suppress the Bolsheviki. Those discovered were shot offhand or drowned in the Irtysh. Some officials found this an excellent opportunity to disembarrass themselves of personal enemies. Old partisans of the Directory, unpopular Czechs, any man who knew too much of the private speculations of a powerful official was easily accused of being a Bolshevik. How many times I heard that charge! There was a veritable carnival of denunciations, with all its abuses and baseness. We saw Bolshevist suspects hauled through the streets of Omsk, crowded in winter in sledges, in summer in carts, surrounded by horsemen with whips and by soldiers with fixed bayonets. It recalled the pictures of our Revolution. But this was the progressive twentieth century and not the eighteenth.

Meanwhile, on the other side, the Reds were doing the same — shooting, drowning, and hanging. Poor humanity! We should be proud of our age!

A permanent court-martial was set up at Omsk to deal with prisoners accused of Bolshevism. The prisoners passed in front of their judges as if through a turnstile, and were automatically condemned to death. Every night the silence was broken by volleys, recalling our thoughts to the poor devils we had seen hauled through the streets a few hours before.

Besides the rebellious masses, and a few big speculators, — who got along very well indeed, — there was at Omsk what we should call a lower middle class. Its members exhibited indifference mingled with fatalism. They furnished the feminine contingent for most of our social events. They had music and talked art and literature in their family circles, but never discussed politics. Allied officers, especially the English and the French, were always welcomed at their homes, partly because they were anxious to have influential friends who might secure them transportation to Harbin or Vladivostok in case of a sudden evacuation. For a long time the young men of these circles managed to escape military service. When recruiting became more active they contracted an illness that required a sojourn on the shores of the Pacific, or slipped off quietly to Harbin, Japan, or Shanghai.

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GOOD WITS JUMP

BY SHEILA KAYE-SMITH

[Miss Kaye-Smith is doubtless well known to all our readers for her brilliantly written novels of Sussex. Not all of them may know, however, that her engagement to Reverend T. Penrose Fry, curate of St. George's, St. Leonards on Sea, has just been announced. Her title is a reference to the English proverb that 'Good wits jump together.']

From *T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly, June* 21
(London Popular Journal)

Rosie Pont had been chicken-girl at Wait's Farm for a little over five years, which meant, as anyone who saw her round, sweet, childish face would know, that she had started her career at an early age. Mrs. Pont was a believer in early beginnings — a wise and practical belief in the mother of eleven children. All the little Ponts had been sent early to school to be out of her way in her mornings of cooking and scrubbing and washing; they had been taken away from school at the earliest possible moment so that they might look after still younger Ponts, and then had gone early to work to take their share of the burden which had grown too heavy for their parents' backs.

Rosie had not liked going to school. She had not liked leaving school when she was thirteen and looking after her little brother Leslie, and she had not liked, when Leslie grew old enough to go to school himself, being packed off by her mother to Wait's Farm to clean the fowl-houses, collect eggs, mix chicken food, scrub the dairy floor, and make herself generally useful for five shillings a week.

'You don't know your own luck, Rosie,' her friend Emma Brown had said to her just as she was starting. 'Now you might be having to go away into the Shires, just as I am. That 's hard. I 'd give anything to be stopping here among them all, but there is n't much work in these parts, and you 're lucky to get it.'

Emma Brown was quite four years older than Rosie. She had been a pupil-teacher at Rosie's school in the days when Rosie was still on the safe side of twelve. Then things had gone wrong with Emma. Her father and mother had died within a few weeks of each other, no money had been left, and she had been obliged to give up her ambitions in the way of education and turn to farm work like other girls in Oxhurst village. She had worked for some time at the Loose Farm, a mile from Wait's but they had had bad luck at the Loose, and had turned away several hands, and now Emma could not get work in the neighborhood, so had been obliged to take a post as dairy-girl on a big farm in Shropshire.

Rosie was very sorry that she should have to go, for she was fond of Emma. But she could not feel that her friend was so unlucky as she made out, for it was possible that away in the big world of the Shires Emma might come to glories beyond the reach of chicken-girls in Sussex.

They wrote to each other for nearly a year. Emma did not like Shropshire ways, and she found her work hard and perplexing owing to unaccustomed methods of farming. Botvyle, the farm

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in Shropshire, could have swallowed up two or three Wait'ses and Looses in its acres. 'And all the work there is to do, and the ways they have of doing it you 'd never guess, Rosie.'

Rosie wrote in her turn and gave news of Oxhurst and the Ponts, and the Orpingtons and Wyandottes at Wait's, but naturally letter-writing did not fulfill the same need for her as it did for the exiled Emma, nor had she Emma's pen of a ready pupil teacher. Letters were a 'tar'ble gurt trouble,' as she told her mother, and after a time hers grew farther and farther apart, till there would be two of Emma's between two of hers.

Then when summer came with the long evenings, Tom Boorner, the ploughman's son, asked her to go out with him into the twilight fields and lanes. They would go down the Bostal Lane, to where the gate looks over the fields toward Udiam and the Rother marshes, full of the cold mists of the twilight east, with the stars hanging dim and still above them, and there they would stand for half an hour perhaps. They had not much to say to each other, but somehow it used to fill their evenings and, what was more, it filled Rosie's thoughts, so that at last she seemed to forget all about Emma Brown. Emma grew tired of writing and getting no answer, and after a time the letters ceased.

Two months after she received the last, when the summer was gone and the gold corn-stubble had been ploughed out of the autumn fields, it was known at Wait's and through Oxhurst that Tom Boorner and Rosie Pont would marry as soon as they were old enough and had the money. This did not plunge the neighborhood into any very great excitement, for it was not expected that the marriage would take place for five or six years at least. The couple were extremely young and their prospects were not very bright. Besides, a courtship which did not run into years was not considered 'seemly' in the country round Oxhurst.

'Now don't you go thinking above yourself, Rosie,' said her mother. 'You 'll have to work harder than ever with a marriage ahead of you. Tom 's a good boy, but he ain't making more than fifteen shillings a week, and your father and me can't do nothing for you, so you 'll have to put by a bit every week for buying your clothes and sheets and things, and then maybe, by the time Tom 's ready to marry, you 'll have enough money to set up housekeeping.'

Rosie took her mother's words to heart. Under her rather stolid exterior was a very lively desire for the little home that Tom had promised, and she was anxious that it should materialize as quickly as possible. Not only did she do her usual work with more than usual thoroughness, but she occasionally helped Mrs. Bream, of Wait's, in the house when she was short of girls, and on Saturday afternoons, which were supposed to be holidays, she occasionally put in half a day's charing at the Vicarage or at the week-end cottage the artist people had taken in Bostal Lane. These extra shillings were carefully put away in a wooden money-box, bought by her father for that very purpose at Battle Fair.

Thus it happened that at the end of five years Rosie had saved nearly fifteen pounds. She was now nineteen and Tom was twenty-two. His fifteen shillings a week had been made a pound, and there was no reason why they should not be married in the spring. Tom was very proud of her; he said she had been a good girl to have worked so hard and saved so much, and that it spoke well for her success as housewife in the little cottage which on his marriage would be added to his wages from Tileman's Farm.

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Rosie was proud of herself and inclined to boast a bit. She would be married in a white dress made by the dressmaker at Battle. She would have a coat and skirt in her favorite Saxe blue, a felt hat with a quill in it, and a bit of fur to go round her neck. She had already begun to buy one or two little things — bargains that were brought to her notice by other girls or friends of her mother. She had a silk blouse and a pair of artificial-silk stockings and a belt with a silver buckle.

Then one day a peddler came to Wait's Farm with lace collars and hat-ribbons and jeweled combs for the hair. He said that he had been told down in the village that one of the young ladies up at Wait's was going to be married, and he promised her that she would find nothing better or cheaper than what he carried on his tray.

'I 've been all over England, miss,' he said to her in the queer 'furrin' voice which she and the other girls sometimes found difficult to understand; 'I 've been in Scotland, where the lasses never wear shoes to their feet — no good me taking my fine silk stockings there! I 've been in Ireland, where the girls wear shawls over their heads — no use have they for my fine hat-ribbons. And I 've been in Norfolk and Suffolk and Yorkshire and Cheshire and Shropshire and every shire, but,' said he, with a roving brown eye for all the young faces crowded in the doorway, 'I like Sussex girls the best!'

Rosie stood silent, fingering a lace-edged handkerchief. 'Did you say you 'd been in Shropshire?' she asked after a bit.

'Shropshire? Why, yes, my lady. I 've been to Salop and Ludlow and Stretton and Bridgnorth — a fine place, Shropshire, with the Wrekin and the Welsh hills that you see from the river, and the big jail in Salop where a murderer was hung three months ago.'

'Did you ever meet anyone called Emma Brown?' asked Rosie. 'She went to live in Shropshire at a farm called Botvyle.'

'That 'll be near Stretton, won't it?' said the peddler.

'Church Stretton, Shropshire, is the address, though it 's four years since I got a letter from her. But maybe you 've met her, knowing those parts?'

The peddler looked reflective. 'Now I come to think of it,' he said, 'I did run across a young lady of the name of Emma Brown. But she was in the hospital in Salop where I went to see a cousin of mine who had been taken ill with rheumatic fever. Yes, I remember it was Emma Brown from Botvyle in the bed next to hers. That 's queer now, ain't it, miss? It 's what they call a coincidence! Was this Emma Brown a friend of yours?'

'Reckon she was, but I have n't heard from her these four years.'

'Well, poor girl, she must have fallen on bad times. There she lay in bed and could scarce speak to my cousin Polly. Now I remember, Poll told me she was down on her luck — all she 'd saved gone on paying for being ill, which is a poor way of spending. Now, miss, which will you have? The lace border or the embroidery?'

'I don't think I 'll have neither, thank you,' said Rosie in a crushed voice.

'What, neither? But you 'll never be married without a lace handkerchief!'

'I don't like to go spending my money when poor Emma Brown 's in want.'

'Now, don't you be silly, Rosie,' said one of the girls. 'Your spending or not spending won't make no difference to Emma Brown.'

'You can't keep the gentleman all this while talking and then buy nothing,' said another girl.

They all wanted to see Rosie spend

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her money — it gave them a thrill of extravagance.

Rosie gave way and bought the embroidered handkerchief, which was sixpence cheaper than the lace one. Then she went indoors quietly and rather sadly.

The peddler's visit had been a shock to her: it had made her think; it had made her a little ashamed of herself. How wicked she had been to forget poor Emma — poor Emma who had not liked going away from home! She had forgotten her because she had been happy with Tom, and now she was going to be married and would never have thought of Emma at all if it had not been for the peddler. And poor Emma was ill — she had not been happy, her journey to foreign parts had not been a success. It did n't seem fair.

That night at home she was very thoughtful, and as soon as supper was over she went upstairs to the bedroom where she slept with two little sisters. They were already asleep, for their mother had put them to bed early to get them out of the way. They did not hear Rosie go to her chest of drawers and take out her money box. She counted the money that was inside — twelve pounds. She had saved fifteen pounds in five years. Probably Emma had done as well as that, for Emma was a hard-working girl, a better worker than Rosie.

But now all Emma's savings had been swallowed up in a long illness, so the peddler said, while Rosie was spending hers on clothes and linen for her marriage — as if marrying Tom was not good enough in itself, without the extra pleasures of silk and lace! Emma had spent her money on doctors and physic and all the hardships of a sick-bed — as if illness was n't bad enough in itself without having to spend one's savings on it. It did n't seem fair.

The tears ran down Rosie's cheeks. She felt that she had treated Emma badly, and now she could n't bear to think of spending all this money on herself. She must send it to Emma — it would help her if she was out of work because of her illness, or if she was still poorly it would allow her to go away for a change to the seaside perhaps. She would not let herself think of all she must give up in the way of a white wedding-dress and the Saxe-blue coat and skirt and the hat with the quill.

Her marriage would be a poor affair indeed. Still, the chief thing about the marriage was Tom. She would have him whatever happened, while poor Emma had nobody. They said she had been sweet on young Reg Vidler before she left Oxhurst, but it had come to nothing — perhaps because she had had to go away. Poor Emma!

The next morning Rosie asked her mistress for an hour off at dinner-time. Thinking she wanted to run down and see the peddler, who was still in the village, Mrs. Bream agreed, and Rosie went off. She carried her purse, not in her pocket, but in the front of her dress, inside her stays, for her purse this morning held more money than it had ever held in its overlong life.

'I want a postal order for twelve pounds, please,' said Rosie to the postmistress. Her face was very pale and a little drawn.

'You can't get a postal order for all that,' replied Miss Smith; 'it 'll have to be a money order.'

She wanted to ask the girl some questions, but she took her office seriously and maintained a professional aloofness.

'Then give me a money order, please,' said Rosie.

The postmistress produced one. 'Sign your name here,' she directed.

'But I don't want her to know who it 's from.'

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'Then you can't send a money order.'

Rosie's face fell. 'What am I to do?' she said. 'Reckon I don't want the person it 's for to know it 's from me.'

'If you like I will change your money for notes, and you can send them by registered post.'

'Then I 'll do that. But I don't want to post it here.'

'You can take the envelope and post it anywhere you like,' said Miss Smith. 'But remember, Rosie,' she added gravely, 'it 's a lot of money. I hope you 're not doing anything rash, my dear.'

'No,' replied Rosie; 'it 's something that must be done, I reckon. But don't tell anyone about it, Miss Smith.'

'No. I won't tell. You 've always been a sensible girl and I trust you not to do anything silly.'

Rosie escaped with the registered envelope in her hand. She had not guessed that the matter would involve such difficulties, but she hoped they were now nearly over. She went next to the George Inn, where she found the peddler just setting out for the next county.

'I want you to post this letter for me,' she said, 'from some big town away from here. It 's to Emma Brown, but I don't want her to know it 's from me. She 'd think I should n't ought to send it — or maybe she 'd be angry and send it back, seeing the way I 've treated her. I've done the address in printing, and if you post it from a place like Lewes or Horsham she 'll never know who sent it.'

The peddler smiled. 'I 'll post it from Lewes,' he said.

Of course Rosie Pont was a little fool, and deserved to lose her money after entrusting it to an unknown peddler to post at his discretion, but as a matter of fact her folly was quite successful. The peddler was honest, and in due course the letter arrived at Botvyle Farm in Shropshire.

'"Miss Emma Brown, care of Mr. and Mrs. Tudor." That 'll be for me,' said the farmer's wife. 'Who is sending me a registered letter, I wonder?'

She tore it open and in surprise counted twelve treasury notes for one pound each.

'Good gracious! Now who in the name of wonder can have sent me that?'

'Someone who does n't know you 're Emma Tudor,' said her husband.

'Well, it 's not six months since I was Emma Brown, and this comes right away from Lewes. Maybe someone from the old place has sent it to me, thinking I 'm still poor as I used to be. There was old Mr. Prescott, the vicar, he was a kind old man, and I think ud have done more for me when I left if he 'd been able, but he was in a poor way himself. Maybe he 's luckier now and thinks to do me a good turn.'

'But don't the folk down there know you 're married? Why did n't you write and tell 'em?' asked her husband with reproachful fondness.

'Why should I? They 'd all forgotten about me. Rosie Pont, who was the last one to keep up with me, had n't written for over three years, so why should I remember who had forgotten me?'

'Well, someone 's remembered you, as you see. Can't you think who it is?'

'No, I can't — unless it 's Mr. Prescott. I don't know anyone round there who 'd be worth twelve pounds. Stay, it might be Mrs. Gain of the Loose. She was sorry enough to turn me away, and said she 'd do something for me if ever she found she could.'

'Well, no matter who sent it, here it is! And you can't send it back, seeing there 's no address. We 'll take it as a piece of luck and go into Salop to buy you a gown.'

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'I don't like to do that,' said Mrs. Tudor. 'I 've got everything I want. I 've been a lucky woman. I 've had my ups and downs, but I 've come through safe and happy at last. It is n't everyone who 's had such luck. I 'd like to give it to some girl who has n't done so well. Now there 's that girl Rosie Pont at home — I was middling fond of her once, and I don't suppose she 's done much for herself, poor child. One of a family of eleven children, and a silly little thing. I 'll tell you, Owen! I 've a mind to put that money straight into an envelope and send it to her. You can post it at Ludlow Market, and she 'll never know where it comes from. I reckon she 'll find it useful, for these are hard times for those that have n't had my luck.'

ON BEING SHOCKED

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

From the *Spectator*, *May* 31
(London Conservative Weekly)

The young, on the whole, are considerate, and let their elders down easily. They select with reasonable care the pieces at the theatre to which they wish to take their mothers, their fathers, their aunts, or their uncles. It is a question whether a mother is considered to be, on the average, more or less shockable than a father, but no doubt in practice the personal equation of each individual parent is recognized, classified, and allowed for by the arbiters of what the elder generation shall be permitted to know.

In the dim early periods, of which some memory lingers from before the war, an uncle was presumed to be lenient: the word connoted, or carried with it, the suggestion of a certain humorous indulgence. An aunt, especially a maiden aunt, was of all created things the least shock-absorbing. To-day your maiden aunt is either a doctor or a sanitary inspector, and in nine cases out of ten was a window-smashing suffragette: harder stuff than the uncle. Probably also the mother is, as a rule, the parent who has to act as a buffer and protect the sensibilities of the elder male. She, in her vocation, has had naturally a closer contact with the source of shocks; for — need one really say it? — it is the daughter to-day who does the administering of them.

The whole male sex is still aghast and staggered by the spectacle of woman ranging loose; and they are not pleased about it. Men liked to regulate the dose for themselves. They enjoyed being shocked, have always enjoyed it since the time of Aristophanes — for that matter, in all probability from the first syllable of unrecorded time; and they have always been shocked about women, though by what precise trait in woman's conduct varied with the latitude, the longitude, and the lapse of centuries. Essentially, however, men settled what should shock. The shocking was what shocked men. Women took the cue and were, as was expected of them, more shocked than their

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masters. It would have been shocking had they not been.

Nowadays woman settles all that for herself; and perhaps for the first time in human history man is more shocked than he likes to be. He is forced to think seriously, and no one likes to think under compulsion. When a severe damsel, whose intact austerity no human being can fail to recognize, mentions that she has been reading this or that perversely indecent novel, the male elder can only suppress a gasp and realize in a spasm that the world has changed. These things occur just as indisputably as latchkeys. There is no use in saying that a young woman should not have a latchkey. She has it. This is a fact of life, and once a thing is that, it is imbecile to be shocked at it, though, indeed, many are actually and frequently shocked at life. The shocked male has to begin to ask himself, not whether it is shocking that a young woman should read, say, Paul Morand, but whether it is shocking that he himself should do so. He must either contract greatly the limits of his shockability or give them an extension which it will be inconvenient, if not impossible, to maintain.

What, after all, is the shocking? Certainly not the immoral. There was nothing immoral in articulating some of the many excellent Anglo-Saxon words, mostly monosyllables, which usage discouraged or prohibited. 'Leg' was on the border-line, but certainly many were shocked, or felt it right to be, by the sudden explosion of this sound — at least with its human reference — in mixed company. 'Flea' was risky to name, 'bug' frankly indelicate. Reasons might be given for their avoidance, but why admit 'cow' and exclude the feminine of 'dog'? *Vache*, by the way, begins to be shocking in France.

This particular phase of sensibility, this swaddled delicacy of the ear, in our youth afforded a resource to literature, and there was no strong writer but made great play with 'guts.' Henley, perhaps, began it. Even still the elegantly nurtured female can startle with that noun, but she is reaching out after adjectives which had been exclusively a masculine prerogative — treading on the heels, in short, of the cultured male who came back from the trenches with a mouthful of words and oaths, not exactly strange, but unfamiliar in their new atmosphere.

The desire to shock must be one of the ultimate constituents in human nature. Everybody, in all classes, is disposed at certain moments to *épater les bourgeois*. Nobody is so refined, so genteel, so nice in thought and language, as to escape the temptation. Our mothers — the mothers of us old fogies — used to be willfully horrifying; and a Victorian lady by speaking of a 'row' could achieve just as exquisite unfitness as her pretty granddaughter attains when she puts Mr. Shaw's Mrs. Campbell's Galatea's adjective after the article and before the noun; for of course, like all literary affectations, the shocking in speech soon exhausts its virtue of novelty, and the note must be continually forced.

However, the elder generation has to recognize that its young women, having achieved their emancipation, do like to try their tongues on strange vocables, exactly as young men did, and with just as much or as little moral damage. As a rule, too, it is only by accident that the older generation hears or overhears. The young of both sexes, comrades now at the University and elsewhere, are fully occupied in trying to shock one another: it is a game, and refusal to be shocked is part of the game. One clever youth the other day, after running through all the extravagances he could lay his tongue to in a tête-à-tête, looked the young woman

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suddenly in the eyes and said, 'I wonder what' — let us not be precise on the next two words — 'you are thinking of me.' 'I am thinking how exactly like you are to everyone else,' was the answer; and a very excellent answer too. It is only encouraging indelicacy to bridle and be disgusted. Woman is in charge now, and she, not man, will decide what is proper, what improper to be spoken, or spoken of.

And, in all seriousness, we have made headway. A girl of to-day will discuss with her father what mother and daughter would have been shy to talk over even a generation ago; and there is a helpfulness between opposite sexes which cannot be lent from man to man or woman to woman. It should not be available only in relations where the sex barrier is down. Even in ordinary friendship the young woman will now talk to the older man, as the young man sometimes, to his very great advantage, has in all periods talked to the older woman; and for this novelty the world has probably reason to be thankful.

Nobody is likely to deny that things need readjustment, or that balance has been shaken. France saw with amazement the way in which England let its young women go abroad from the home — and foresaw with accuracy consequences which French mankind were quite simply not prepared to risk for their womenfolk. The change in these islands has been greater, the unloosening of restraints by far more revolutionary. We shall know better what to be shocked at in another ten or twenty years. For the moment all reactions of sensibility are impaired, the delicate springs bruised and fatigued.

There are facts by far more shocking than any of the irregularities or indiscretions or even indecencies about which the word is oftenest used, and to which its use is far too closely limited; and we went through a time in which really nobody except the poets retained their sense of outraged human decency. It has been so before; and the greater the poet, the surer his reaction of disgust. Southey was shocked by the imagined memory of Blenheim, and he put his reaction into Old Kaspar's mouth. But Byron, not too nicely squeamish in other matters, spoke out his revolt against Waterloo; no nimbus of glory dazzled him from seeing the essential squalor of that 'crowning carnage,' when 'the recording angel threw his pen down in divine disgust, the page was all so smeared with blood and dust.' No poet of Byron's calibre saw the Somme; but poets enough saw it, and they told the world what it was really like. They alone, it would seem, felt how many sanctities were shattered.

War, which abrogates the sanctions of certain primary sanctities, shakes, if it does not remove, so many others that we have no right to be surprised if there is a general lessening of that fastidiousness which is to morality what the sense of honor is to principle. Allowances have to be made, and not for the young only, but for a whole generation; they should include, at least in retrospect, even ourselves. There is no use in being shocked at the things we have done, said, thought, felt — or failed to feel. But it is well not to forget that a society or a person no longer able to be shocked has lost in this fastidiousness a quality which is akin to honor — which is indeed honor in another aspect; not noisy, not querulous, nor quarrelsome — for those in whom disgust strikes deepest at a gross word or ugly action keep least cry about their sensibility — but an instinct guiding conduct and judgment to avoidance, just as surely as honor prompts to do.

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HATS AND MEN

BY A. B. WALKLEY

From the *Times, June* 4
(London Independent Conservative Daily)

It was in a critical scene of *La dame* — someone asks me, why do I say *La dame?* Partly because that is the abbreviation familiar in theatrical circles, but partly also to evade the difficulty of choosing between *aux camélias* and *aux camellias*. The proper spelling, as we all know, both in French and in English, is *camélliias*. The shrub *Camellia japonica* was so named after the Jesuit and botanist Camelli (says Littré, but Murray says Kamel), who introduced it from Japan into Europe. Dumas *fils* wrote *camélias*, and when taxed with the error replied that George Sand spelled it so, and he preferred to be wrong with Madame Sand than right with the rest of the world.

To resume, it was in a critical scene of *La dame* last week. Duval *père* made his solemn entry to lecture Marguerite on her scandalous conduct with his son, and carefully kept his hat on. For his hat in this scene is more than a hat, more than a covering for the head; it is a symbol, it marks his contempt for the woman he is addressing, it indicates that he considers her unworthy of the common courtesy due to the rest of her sex. So there was the hat duly perched on the top of M. Ravet's head for us all to contemplate: a Victorian monument, a tribute to orthodox morality, a warning to sinners. Unfortunately the hat was a misfit; it looked like a hat borrowed from a smaller man — as hats are occasionally borrowed in the Commons at moments when the rules of the House require one to be worn.

Why the spectacle of a large man in a small hat should be irresistibly comic I cannot say, but so it is. Perhaps I should say a large face in a small hat, remembering the typical case of Mr. George Robey. The fact remains that at what should have been the most solemn moment in *La dame* we could not choose but laugh because the actor's hat was a size too small for him. The impressive dignity of the elder Duval was turned to burlesque. He was merely a man in somebody else's hat.

If the play had been dressed after the fashions of its date, as it should have been, — '*La scène se passe vers* 1848,' says the author, — the accident would have been even more noticeable. For men's 'toppers' were then enormous. To our modern eyes they were far too big for the wearers. They must have been very uncomfortable, but, it is a general rule, the more uncomfortable the fashion, the more rigidly it is adhered to. Every man, in every rank of society, wore his monumental topper on all occasions, possible and impossible — even on the river and in the cricket-field. I have a caricature of Grandville's of about the same date as *La dame*. 'The brokers are in' a miserable garret, making an inventory of the few sticks of furniture. They are seated at their work; there is a woman in the room, but the broker's man, unkempt, unshaved, dirty, religiously wears his hat. It is about two feet high, and nearly fills the attic. I regard the hat as a part of the caricature, but evidently it was not so intended by the

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artist, whose humor is directed elsewhere.

These were the hats, remember, of Balzac's people, and Dickens's, and Thackeray's. I turn over my first edition of *The Newcomes* (1855), with illustrations by Richard Doyle, and I declare you might think the book to be all hats. Mr. Barnes Newcome and Sir Thomas de Boots and Mr. Charles Heavyside are at the window of their Club, all in enormous hats. A man may still wear his hat in his Club, there is no rule against it, but, as a matter of fact, for ease and comfort he prefers to take it off. It is impossible to associate ease and comfort with Mr. Barnes Newcome and Sir Thomas de Boots.

Mr. Frederick Bayham is discoursing affably with a nursemaid attending to her charges in the Park — 'the children of my good friend Colonel Huckaback of the Bombay Marines.' His hat strikes you as almost of reasonable size, but then you read in the text that 'his costume, *though eccentric*, was comfortable,' and so forth. The italics are mine. Evidently the moderate-sized hat was one of F. B.'s eccentricities; and, to make up for it, two gentlemen in the background — of whom one must be Mr. Pendennis — wear the usual monstrous headgear. The astonishing thing is, they look so blithe under it! You have to bear in mind the marvelous capacity of the human body for accommodating itself to circumstances. How did men put up with the weight of full armor? How did ladies perk their pretty chins in ruffs? You can only explain these things by the law of adaptivity. And there is a race to whom that law is second nature. Look at the Hebraic gentlemen gathered together at the sale of Colonel Newcome's effects. Their hats are the highest in the room.

Le demi-monde was being played when *The Newcomes* was published. I looked eagerly for the hats there. Olivier de Jalin, you may be sure, would have worn a most formidable topper, something not merely of enormous proportions, but with a moral and monitory suggestion. He did wear a sky-blue cravat, which was a joy, particularly to one who remembered the sky-blue cravat Mr. Ruskin used to wear in Oxford a score or so of years later — *La cravate bleue, ou vingt ans après*, would be the title of that play. But neither Olivier nor his companions ventured to put their hats on. I felt it was a regular sell, and could almost have cried out 'Cowards!'

As I walk down St. James's Street, and pass a well-known hatter's window, I look with reverence upon the ancient hats exhibited there. Men, I reflect, were men in those days. The hats shown are mainly military, of the Waterloo period, I fancy. Fighting, with all that weight on your head, must have been a more exacting business than ever. Even now the tallest headgear survives in the Army. The bearskins of the Guards require men to match. Some of the smaller officers are almost extinguished by them. In the civilian world, as everybody knows, the tall hat — and that only tall in name — has almost disappeared since the war. You notice at weddings and other ceremonial occasions tall hats that look more like museum specimens; they are taken down, dusted, worn as shamefacedly as though they were fancy-dress, and then carefully put away again for the next occasion. I suppose in the House of Commons there are still a few to be seen in habitual use, perhaps for the purpose of keeping rabbits. Strange to say, in the home of lost causes and forsaken beliefs, just the place where you would expect to find old hats, there are none at all. The Oxford undergraduate, bless him, goes bareheaded.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

[Mr. Wilfrid Gibson's poem, 'The Fowler,' has been awarded the fifty-guinea prize offered by the London Bookman *in its Lyric Contest. The poems were all submitted anonymously, and eight other well-known English poets, whose names the editors tactfully withhold, were among the contestants. Mr. Gibson is best known for 'Daily Bread' and his war poems, most of which differ decidedly in mood from 'The Fowler.' The other poems whose authors' pseudonyms alone are given, are also prize-winners in the* Bookman's *contest.]*

THE FOWLER

BY WILFRID GIBSON

A WILD bird filled the morning air
With dewy-hearted song;
I took it in a golden snare
Of meshes close and strong.

But where is now the song I heard?
For all my cunning art,
I who would house a singing bird
Have caged a broken heart.

THE POET

BY 'GWALIA'

WHEN I went down past Charing Cross,
A plain and simple man was I;
I might have been no more than air,
Unseen by any mortal eye.

But, Lord in Heaven, had I the power
To show my inward spirit there,
Then what a pack of human hounds
Had hunted me, to strip me bare.

A human pack, ten thousand strong,
All in full cry to bring me down;
All greedy for my magic robe,
All crazy for my priceless crown.

ONE

BY 'REGENT'

I SHOULD not miss you if you died,
Or cry, or promise to be true,
Throwing an empty world aside;
I should not long remember you.

For when you die I too am dead,
With your going I am gone;
You are a shadow in the shade,
And I a shadow in the sun.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

THE HISTORICAL ANNIE LAURIE

Most people who lyrically express their entire willingness to lay them down and die for Annie Laurie imagine that lady to be a mere fiction of the poet's fancy. Their mistake is set right in an article by Mr. Davidson Cook in the last number of the London *Bookman*. Annie Laurie was a real girl — so real, in fact, that *Burke's Peerage* finds room for her. She was the youngest daughter of Sir Robert Laurie of Maxwelton, and was born December 16, 1682, at Maxwelton House, where a portrait of her is still preserved.

One of Annie Laurie's suitors was William Douglas of Fingland, who wrote the first version of the famous song. Douglas was a soldier of fortune, famous as a duelist, who is supposed to have written the words about 1700, when Annie Laurie was eighteen and he himself had just returned from the Continental wars. Something happened to part the lovers, but the poet did not fulfill his promise to 'lay down his head and die.' Indeed, he was so easily consolable that six years later he married another girl. Annie Laurie herself was married two years earlier to Alexander Fergusson of Craigdarroch. Her death notice was printed in the *Scots Magazine* for April 1764 as follows: —

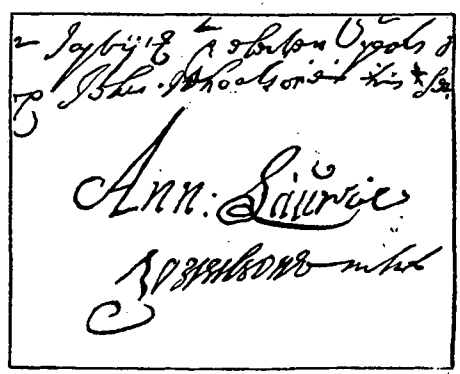
May 5. — At Carse, Dumfriesshire, Mrs. Annie Laurie, relict of Alexander Fergusson of Craigdarroch, Esq., and daughter of Sir Robert Laurie of Maxweltoun.

The famous song, though generally regarded as an old ballad, does not appear in any eighteenth-century songbooks and seems to have been handed about in manuscript. It was first printed in 1824, when Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, who had learned it from a relative, included it in a 'ballad book' which is now so rare that even the British Museum has no original. This version runs as follows: —

Maxwelton banks are bonnie,
Whare early fa's the dew;
Whare me and Annie Laurie
Made up the promise true;
Made up the promise true,
And never forget will I,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'll lay down my head and die.

She's backit like a peacock,
She's breastit like a swan,
She's jimp about the middle,
Her waist ye weill may span;
Her waist you weill may span,
And she has a rolling eye,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'll lay down my head and die.

The music was composed by Lady Alicia Anne Spottiswood, later Lady John Scott, who found the verses in Allan Cunningham's *Songs of Scotland*. She added a third stanza and altered some of the others. She had originally composed the music for another old ballad, but adapted it without difficulty to Annie Laurie. The music was printed by a firm of Edinburgh publishers with-



Annie Laurie's Signature
As it appears in her will

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out the composer's authority in 1838, and one of her descendants explains that 'Lady John always thought the air and words had been stolen when she sent her music book to be rebound.' The first authorized version was issued during the Crimean War.

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TRICKING THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE

M. LÉON BOURGEOIS has played a merry if somewhat hackneyed joke on the reading committee of the Comédie Française by submitting *Agésilas*, a little-known play by Corneille, as his own work. The play was read and returned to the supposed author with a delicate hint that it did not come up to the standards of the Comédie Française. M. Bourgeois promptly let the Paris press in on the joke — there are no newspapers in the world that love a joke more dearly — and the unfortunate official now demands that legal steps be taken against the too jovial author.

The trick recalls one which Anatole France, who was no more reverent at twenty than he is to-day, played upon a Paris literary periodical. He pretended to have found ten lines, which he attributed to André Chénier, written on the margin of an old copy of Vergil. The literary paper published the poem and initiated a learned discussion as to whether or not the lines were by Chénier. Years afterward it became known that Anatole France had adapted them from the last eight lines of the Fourth Book of the Æneid.

The trouble with jokes of this sort is that they are a little too easy. Any reasonably skillful parodist can turn out work that might easily have been done by a great man in an off moment. Indeed one of *Punch's* most famous parodists once produced a parody so good that the imitated author himself admitted: 'I could almost swear I wrote it myself when drunk.'

One cannot help sympathizing a little with the irate manuscript-reader of the Comédie Française.

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TWO NEW GERMAN MUSEUMS

THE innumerable museums of Germany have lately been increased by two new ones. The most important is the Eastern Asiatic Hall in the Kunstgewerbe Museum in Berlin. A writer in the *Vossische Zeiuung*, perhaps forgetting the Musée Guimet in Paris, says that, except for the East Asiatic Museum in Cologne, 'all Europe has nothing like it to show.'

The new collection has been made by Dr. Otto Kümmel. It was begun before hostilities. Progress on it was halted during the war, and resumed at its close. The collection consists principally of Chinese and Japanese art.

In Hanover, under the direction of Doctor Alexander Dorner, the various collections scattered about the city have been united in a single new museum worthy of the name. Before this step was taken, the city's collections were so widely spread as to be almost inaccessible.

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THE SHADY SIDE OF PALL MALL

AN anonymous writer in *T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly* — probably the inimitable T. P. O'Connor himself — indulges in amusing and agreeable reminiscences of the history of the famous Athenæum Club of London. Each year the Athenæum permits the election of nine members for 'eminence in science, literature, or the arts, or in public service.' The 1300 present members, therefore, represent the flower of intellectual Britain.

It was in its library that Macaulay did much of his writing, and the same library was afterward used by Lord Acton, Matthew Arnold, Hallam, Sir

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Henry Maine, Mark Pattison, and John Morley. It was in the Athenæum that Anthony Trollope happened to hear one clergyman say to another that he was tired of Mrs. Proudie, the Bishop's wife of Barchester. The novelist at once announced: 'I'll go home and kill her,' and fulfilled his promise to the letter. Dickens wrote *Edwin Drood* at the Athenæum, and Thackeray dictated much of *Henry Esmond* at the same table where in later years Andrew Lang wrote and where Sir Richard Burton translated the *Arabian Nights*. Herbert Spencer played many of his famous games in the Club's billiards room.

John Wilson Croker was also a member, and he is responsible for the copy of the Parthenon frieze which now adorns the building. The decoration was added somewhat to the dissatisfaction of many members who preferred that the money should be spent on an ice house. The incident led to the following epigram on Croker by one of the members: —

I'm John Wilson Croker,
I do as I please;
They asked me for an ice house,
I'll give them a frieze.

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TELEPHONES IN ASIA

A WRITER in the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* describes the spread of telephones in Asia. The telephone was long ago introduced into Japan as the Westernization of the country proceeded, and to-day is in ordinary everyday use and mechanically satisfactory. In China also the telephone is spreading, although the vast size of the country and the conservative character of the people make its spread somewhat slower. The writer describes especially the telephone system of Tientsin, the port of Peking and of North China as a whole, where the telephone lines were taken over by the Government in 1913 and have since been officially administered. Native girls are used as operators and carefully trained in the use of Arabic numerals. In 1919 the exchange grew so large that it had to be moved to a new building where one hundred and thirty operators and officials were employed. When the Government took over the system in 1913, there were 1890 subscribers and 3880 calls, while last year there were 3880 subscribers and 135,690 calls.

The use of the telephone in India presents peculiar difficulties because of the large numbers of languages in everyday use. Finding it impossible to teach their operators to speak one hundred and fifty different dialects, electrical engineers have taken refuge in an automatic system wherever possible, thus doing away with the necessity of operators.

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MONOSYLLABIC TITLES

K. K. — the terrible initials mean nothing in Great Britain — of the *Evening Standard* has amused himself by making a collection of one-word titles, mainly novels, that have appeared within the last few years. Not only has he discovered eighteen titles, but of these eighteen half consist of but a single syllable. Wells, Conrad, and our own Mr. Norris have all contributed to the list, which is as follows: —

Gold	*Dust*	*Race*
Brass	*Danger*	*Silk*
Bread	*Intrusion*	*Danger*
Salt	*Confusion*	*Hazard*
Victory	*Waste*	*Servitude*
Defeat	*Surplus*	*Bliss*

K. K. admits that the one-word title is now falling out of favor, but explains this on the ground that 'all the good words must have been taken,' which is hardly fair to the multiple resources of the English language. K. K. has one suggestion to offer: 'There is still "mud"

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for anyone brave enough to use it. Possibly Mr. Maurice Baring will start a new fashion with his novel, *C*; but there are only twenty-five other letters in the alphabet.'

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A MODERN KING INCOGNITO

THE London *Sunday Times*, which still retains a wholesome Conservative respect for royalty, prints this anecdote apropos of King Victor Emmanuel's recent state visit to London: —

Many stories are told of the democratic ways of the King of Italy and his fondness for mixing incognito with his people. One day, when out hunting, he asked a peasant boy, who had no idea of his identity, to do him some small service, and in return offered him a share of his lunch, which consisted of a small loaf of black bread and an onion. 'No, thanks,' declared the boy, with a sniff, 'none of that for me. I thought you were a gentleman, but I see you are only a poor fellow like myself.'

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VILLAGES FOR FRENCH ARTISTS

THE housing-problem in Paris, which bears especially heavily upon the artists, is being somewhat relieved by the inauguration of a garden-village to be named after Sarah Bernhardt and to be occupied exclusively by writers, painters, sculptors, and musicians. The further condition to residence is attached that each must have at least three children and an income under twenty thousand francs a year. The village stands at Plessy-Robinson, a beautiful wood outside Paris, which formerly belonged to the Hachette family and is now the property of the Department of the Seine. The government has given nearly four million francs to help the work.

There are a hundred homes and some studios. The rents are to be very low, and subscriptions are being solicited to make the completion of the project possible. The architect is a grandson of Victorien Sardou.

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A LETTER FROM MARTIN LUTHER

AN autograph letter addressed by Martin Luther to the Elector Friedrich of Saxony and dated 1523 has just been sold at auction in Berlin for 9000 gold marks. The letter consists of two and a half folio sheets written in German, and shows that Luther urged his sovereign to take a conciliatory attitude toward the Pope. It warns the Elector that war will follow if he protests further against the papal coronation of the Emperor Charles.

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CLEANING OUT THE PARIS STREET-PEDDLERS

TOURISTS and prospective tourists will greet with whoops of joy the news that the French Government — at long last — now intends to do away with the beggars and street-peddlers who waylay foreigners and try to sell them obscene postal cards or books of doubtful character. Two bills have for years been lying in the archives of the Senate, dealing with these very questions. It is now proposed to bring them back to light and ask the Chamber of Deputies to pass them. One of these bills, introduced in 1895, deals severely with 'outrages against public morals.' This provides for convictions for two years and, in case of second offenders, for penal servitude. Sellers of obscene postal cards and books can be fined as much as three thousand francs under the proposed bill. At present only nominal fines are imposed, if any.

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BOOKS ABROAD

The House of Prophecy, by Gilbert Cannan. London: Butterworth, 1924. 7*s.* 6*d.*
The Counterplot, by Hope Mirrlees. London: Collins, 1924. 7*s.* 6*d.*
A Passage to India, by E. M. Forster. London: Arnold, 1924. 7*s.* 6*d.*
A Man in the Zoo, by David Garnett. London: Chatto and Windus; New York: Knopf, 1924. $1.75
Mariposa, by Henry Baerlein, 1924. London: Parsons, 7*s.* 6*d.*
A Messalina of the Suburbs, by E. M. Delafield, 1924. London: Hutchinson, 1924. 7*s.* 6*d.*
Triple Fugue, by Osbert Sitwell. London: Grant Richards, 1924. 7*s.* 6*d.*
Little Mexican, by Aldous Huxley, 1924. London: Chatto and Windus, 1924. 7*s.* 6*d.*
After Harvest, by Fielding Marsh. London: Allen and Unwin, 1924. 7*s.* 6*d.*
God's Step-Children, by Sarah G. Millin. London: Constable, 1924. 7*s.* 6*d.*
The Passing of the Pengwerns, by Margaret M. Leigh. London: Heinemann, 1924. 6*s.*
Tony, by Stephen Hudson. London: Constable, 1924. 6*s.*
The Dream, by H. G. Wells. London: Cape; New York: Macmillan, 1924. $2.50.
Woodsmoke, by F. Brett Young. London: Collins, 1924. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[H. C. HARWOOD in the *Spectator*]

CLARISSA. Are there any new novels worth reading? Any later than Christmas, I mean?

FRANK. If you are fond of novels, I can give you the names of about fifty. If you are n't, I might be able, if I thought hard, to give you the names of two.

CLARISSA. Oh! I read them on occasions. On holiday, when I am ill, and sometimes — in short, when I have nothing better to do. But I am a fool to ask you about them. You review them. Whether you are an intelligent or a stupid reviewer, I forget, but if you are stupid you praise a novel if it is like all other novels and the author does not split her infinitives, and if you are intelligent you praise it if it is unlike any other novel and author puts a full stop where any one else would put a verb. What I want is a good bloody rattling yarn of pirates.

FRANK. If you mean that seriously, there are heaps. American, mostly. The States are taking up pirates; rather. There is, now —

CLARISSA. I mean nothing seriously. Next Friday that ever is I start my holidays. Not pirates, really. I am getting too old for glass chewing. But something that will —

FRANK. Something that will take an exasperated dentist out of herself? Or something that will be a pleasant alternative to knitting?

CLARISSA. Taken out of myself? It sounds like a major operation. And knitting! I may be too old for glass-chewing, but I am not old enough for that. Bless the man! Can't he answer a straight question? I want something to keep me awake when I'm not bathing or playing tennis.

FRANK (*moodily*). A pin would do that. What I am getting at is this. Do you want to be interested or amused?

CLARISSA. Both.

FRANK. That 's silly, for you can't be. Fiction, I have been thinking, is only a development of history and observes the same rules. In history you have to begin with Thucydides and Herodotus. If you want to know how the Peloponnesian or any war started, how it was carried out, read Thucydides. If you don't want to know about the Persian invasion, but if you want tales of wonder, a patriotic thrill, a good holiday book, read Herodotus. One strain, interest or amusement, must predominate. It depends, I suppose, on how really tired you are.

CLARISSA. Take it I am very tired, very tired indeed, but not an absolute ass. And what do you recommend? Herodotus, I suppose? Tell me about Thucydides.

FRANK. Thucydides. Um! There 's *The House of Prophecy.* If you have not read Cannan's last three you may be rather handicapped. But —

CLARISSA. I detest Gilbert Cannan.

FRANK. Do you? I wonder whether it is because you come from the Midlands, from Thrigsby, or whether after your arduous labours on people's mouths you have no mind left? Well, put down *The House of Prophecy.* Call it, if you like, a holiday task. Call it my fee. But read it, as a study of post-war England, as sociology, as a first-class romantic novel, as a skit, no matter what you read it for, but read it, and if your mind is not as sunburnt as your cheeks at the end, I will eat every page of it.

CLARRISA. I wanted to avoid tanning. Anything else Thucydidean?

FRANK. Yes, there is Hope Mirrlees' *Counterplot.* A feminine work in the worst as in the best sense of the word. Fundamentally about getting married, and personal relations. But interesting for its wonderful contrast of a cosmopolitan daughter with a Spanish mother, and cunning in its use of the new psychology. A good, a rather amazing book, Herodoteans should like it, too.

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CLARISSA. Highbrow?

FRANK. I hardly know that word's meaning. Admirers of Dell may not fall for it. No reason why — say — Dickensians should not.

CLARISSA. But is she a coterie pet? That is what I mean by 'highbrow.' The sort of author John Brown tells you is wonderful because of his daring lampoon on Bill Jones. I do dislike these coterie pets. Reading them is like being nudged by somebody you don't know.

FRANK. Anybody may become a coterie pet. But Hope Mirrlees has a breeze about her, is not merely esoteric. Let me advise, too, E. M. Forster's *Passage to India*. I have not made up my mind whether that book is better as a simple novel, or as a representation of the clash of cultures. But it is marvellous stuff. Read it, Clarissa, do!

CLARISSA. Another holiday task?

FRANK. Another holiday, Clarissa. But you want something Herodotean? Detective stories, perhaps?

CLARISSA. I have read all those, I expect. Really, I don't count detective stories as fiction, any more than I count acrostics as poetry. Leave them out.

FRANK. You have read Willis Crofts' and Freeman's latest? And —

CLARISSA. Yes, yes. I have standing orders for them. What else?

FRANK. Garnett, of course. By the way, what a compliment it is to Garnett that one should say so naturally, 'of course,' and he with only two very slim volumes to his credit. You will like *The Man in the Zoo*. And as you are intelligent — you see *I* give *you* the benefit of the doubt, though I personally never refer my teeth to your scrutiny — *as* you are intelligent you will — what was I going to say?

CLARISSA. Never mind. *A Man in the Zoo* is amusing, is it? What else?

FRANK. Henry Baerlein's *Mariposa* is the product of a wise, sophisticated intelligence. More jokes than story to it, and some of the jokes not very good, but a most urbane, insinuating book. Just the book for a deck chair at a not too popular seaside resort. Not Margate — take Wodehouse there. But — Littlehampton, is it?

CLARISSA. It is not.

FRANK. Or Ilfracombe? Baerlein is almost too good for Ilfracombe.

CLARISSA. One has, anyhow, one's Ilfracombe moods.

FRANK. Then take for one of them E. M. Delafield's *Messalina of the Suburbs*. For Scarborough take Osbert Sitwell's *Triple Fugue*, if only because of the excellent picture of Scarborough.

CLARISSA. Another daring lampoon on Bill Jones?

FRANK. It does tend that way. But — no matter — it is amusing. And as we have come to short stories ——

CLARISSA. I never do.

FRANK. That is a pity, because *Triple Fugue* is short stories. So is Huxley's *Little Mexican*. And so ——

CLARISSA. What are little Mexicans?

FRANK. Hats.

CLARISSA. Silly, are n't they?

FRANK. I am no judge of hats. As to the stories, well, I did not like them much. Clever and boyish, but rather belatedly boyish, you know. As if he were starting again from the wrong end.

CLARISSA. Anything more solid?

FRANK. There is Fielding Marsh's *After Harvest*, which suggests so much more than it says that I perhaps ought to call it interesting. The country — Norfolk, to be precise — wide, sunset-stained vistas, and slow strong passions. And there's Mrs. Millin's intelligent African *God's Step-Children;* painful, but swift, like one of your own extractions. And, if you want, something romantic *The Passing of the Pengwerns*, by Margeret Leigh.

CLARISSA. Romantic! Does that mean Heredity, and the last of the What-you-call-thems and lonely figures driving through the waste, and that?

FRANK. Yes, it does tend to. But if you are reacting against romance, try *Tony*, by Stephen Hudson. 'With all his faults we love him still,' someone — the *Pink 'Un*, I think — said. You will not love, but you may wonder at this solid, squalid adventurer. Learn something. Learn — who knows? — understanding of a theoretically objectionable type.

CLARISSA. You do, my poor Frank, want to do me good, don't you? We were talking of amusing books. Anything else? Anything Dickensian?

FRANK. Aye, bless you. Wells's *Dream* is pungently, unmitigatingly, deplorably Dickensian, with Wellsian trimmings. Wells, I would diagnose, deliberately doing the things that amuse his readers in preference to the thing that will interest him. But you should read it, as you should read everything he writes, because he is the last of the prophets, and may be vulgar, but cannot be mean. For the rest —— If you are not already a fervent admirer of Brett Young, his *Woodsmoke* will please you, and if you are you will at least be amused by the setting of one of his not-best tales. And, Clarissa! — was it Ilfracombe really? Because my own holidays — I was not certain — Is it Ilfracombe?

CLARISSA. ——

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* * *

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* * *

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* * *

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* * *

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* * *

But above all, you will be amused. Some of the inconsistencies of the censorship standards are masterpieces of humor. Mr. deMille has the gift of vivid expression and of saying what he means and his opinion is worthy of the consideration of all thinking persons.

* * *

N. B. Congressman Charles Browne's diagnosis of "What's the Matter With Congress?" in the same September number of Scribner's Magazine will delight you, too.

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